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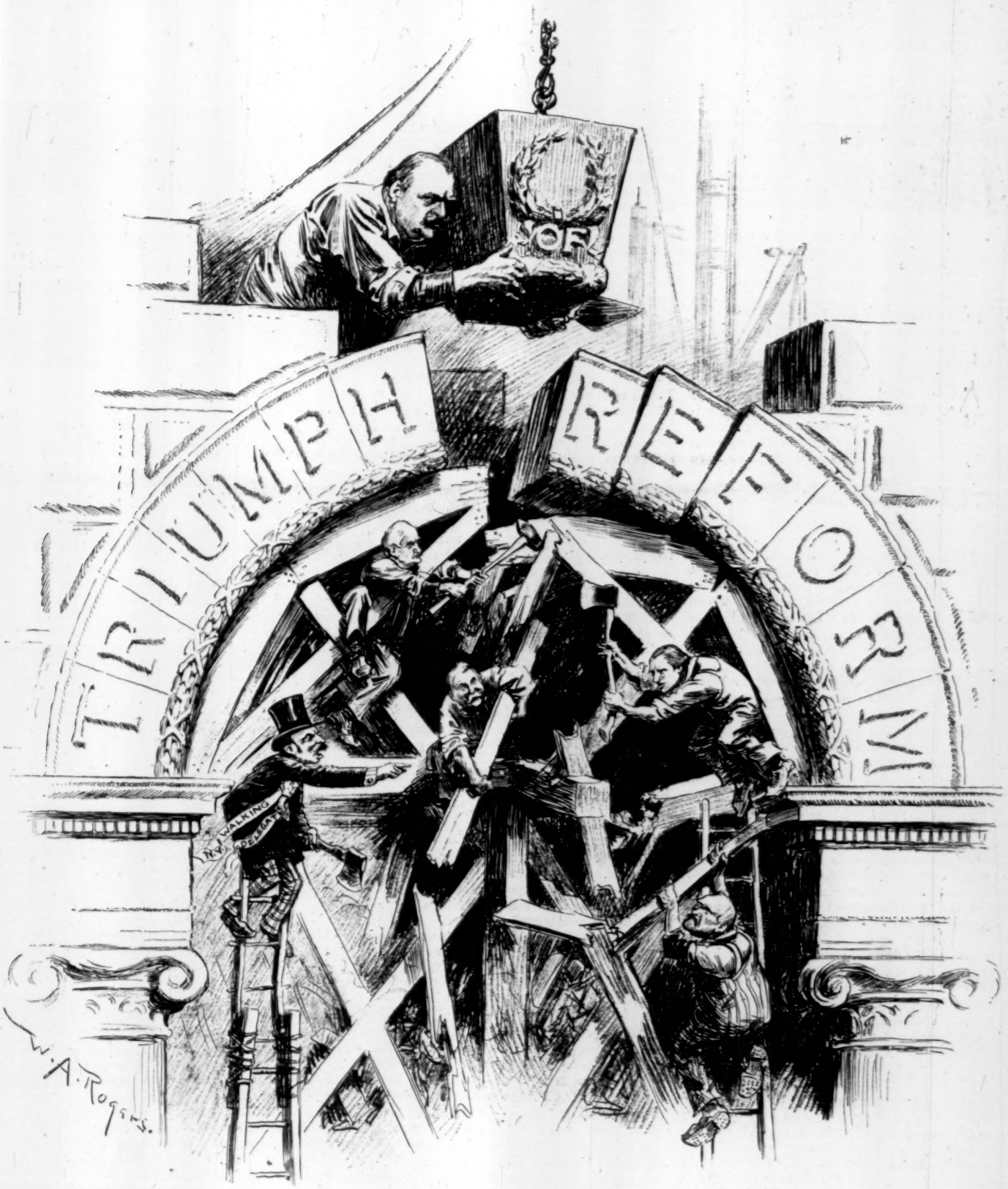


IF NOT RULE, THEN RUIN.

THE MALICIOUS POLICY OF BOSS HILL AND HIS BAND OF SENATORIAL STRIKERS.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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## THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE nominations of Mr. HORNBLOWER and of Mr. PECKHAM for a vacant seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States have served once more to attract the attention of the country to the relations between the President and the Senate as regards appointments to office. As is well known, the action of the Senate upon nominations submitted to it for confirmation by the President is frequently governed by an unwritten rule which by way of euphemism is called "the courtesy of the Senate." According to this rule the Senate is not to confirm the appointment of any nominee who is "personally objectionable" to the Senators from whose State the nominee is taken. In point of fact, however, the pretension is that the President is bound to consult Senators belonging to his own party before he nominates any citizen of their respective States, and to obtain their approval of the nomination prior to its submission to the Senate. This pretension amounts substantially to a claim on the part of Senators that they have a right to dictate nominations. This claim directly conflicts with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint," etc. This evidently means that the President shall freely exercise the power to nominate according to his judgment, and that, the nomination having been made by him, the Senate shall freely exercise its power to consent to the nomination or not, as it may choose. But, according to their self-made rule, Senators claim not only the power to advise and consent after the nomination is made, but to control the nomination too. This is a clear usurpation by Senators of the constitutional powers of the Executive.

It is true this pretension to control the nominations is not in every case insisted upon. There have always been high-minded men in the Senate, at least in times past, who respected the constitutional limitations of power. These were usually the men whose advice, previous to the making of nominations, would have been of real value to the President, because it would have been unselfish. But the Senators whose advice in such things is the least free from selfish motives, and has therefore morally the least title to regard, are usually also those who most strenuously insist upon what they call their "Senatorial prerogative." The cases of HORNBLOWER and PECKHAM strikingly illustrate what this sort of "courtesy of the Senate" will lead to.

Senator HILL opposed the appointment of Mr. HORNBLOWER in part, professedly, on the ground that the nominee lacked the qualifications required for the Supreme Bench. But this was a mere subterfuge, which, against the emphatic endorsement given Mr. HORNBLOWER by the Bar Association of New York, could not be maintained. The main reason for Senator HILL'S opposition, and the one upon which he laid the greatest stress, was that Mr. HORNBLOWER was personally offensive to him, and that the President had not consulted him concerning the nomination to obtain his approval of it. When Mr. HORNBLOWER had, owing to Senator HILL'S invocation of Senatorial courtesy, been rejected, and Mr. PECKHAM been nominated, Senator HILL objected to Mr. PECKHAM, whose fitness as a jurist he could not question, on the ground that Mr. PECKHAM was still more offensive to him; and this under the rule of Senatorial courtesy should be sufficient reason for his rejection.

Why, then, were Mr. HORNBLOWER and Mr. PECKHAM personally offensive to Senator HILL? Not because they were not men of high character, for everybody admitted that they were. Not because they were not members of the Democratic party, for they were known as old Democrats. But because they belonged to the reformatory wing of the Democratic party, and, more particularly, because they had been active in exposing Mr. MAYNARD, one of Senator HILL'S political confederates, who had committed an act which under the laws of New York is a felony, and for which the people of his State buried him at the late election under an adverse majority of more than one hundred thousand votes. It is quite certain that had Mr. HORNBLOWER or Mr. PECKHAM, instead of denouncing and exposing Mr. MAYNARD, defended and supported him, either of them would have had commendation instead of opposition from Senator HILL. It is equally certain that had Mr. HORNBLOWER or Mr. PECKHAM in such manner won Senator HILL'S favor, neither of them would have been morally worthy of a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States, or in any court in the country. But just because they had done what as conscientious men they were bound to do, what every honorable lawyer in the State had countenanced them in doing, what commended them to the public confidence, and what the people of their State sanctioned and ratified by an enormous majority, they were personally offensive to Senator HILL, and on this ground to be rejected by a courteous Senate. In effect Senator HILL, by the attitude he took, declared before all the people that no man who had opposed Mr. MAYNARD on account of an act branded as a felony by the laws of New York, and had thereby made himself personally offensive to the Senators from that State, however estimable a gentleman, and however good a lawyer he might be, should have a chance to become a judge on the Supreme Bench, the President and the people to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that the Senate of the United States was bound by the rule of Senatorial courtesy to make good this proclamation. No fair-minded man will deny that this was an outrage of the first order.

There are some well-meaning persons who say that, after all, the President would do better to avoid a quarrel with Senator HILL, and to nominate a man not objectionable to him. Those who think so fail to grasp the importance of the point in dispute. When Senator HILL had substantially proclaimed that opposition to a criminal who was a candidate for a judgeship in New York should disqualify any man guilty of that opposition for a Federal appointment, would not the President have admitted and countenanced this disqualification if he had on such a ground abstained from nominating a man offensive to Senator HILL, and selected one in this respect acceptable to the Senator? To put the question is to answer it. The President was bound by every consideration of honor and of public morality to deny this disqualification in the most emphatic manner possible, and to continue denying it, were it even against the whole Senate, until every chance of making that denial effective was exhausted. The idea that a politician of so low a character as DAVID B. HILL should presume to decree the exclusion from the Federal Supreme Bench of every honorable lawyer in the State of New York who opposed the elevation of a criminal to a judgeship, and that the Senate, by way of courtesy, should sustain and enforce this decree, is too monstrous and revolting to be endured with patience. The President deserves the gratitude of every good citizen for manfully resisting it, and it is to be hoped that this striking object-lesson will serve to point out to the whole country the so-called courtesy of the Senate as a public danger and an unmitigated insult to the people.

## CROKER IN WASHINGTON.

CROKER'S visit to Washington during the pendency of the WILSON bill in the House of Representatives was a logical exercise of his autocracy. He is the "boss" of the Democratic party in the chief Democratic city in the Union. He is, consequently, one of the "bosses" of the Democratic party in the State. The delegation in the House from this city, or most of it, belongs to him as completely as does the city government. He is their master, their director-general, their undisputed ruler. They are in Congress by his consent. They went there to obey his orders and to carry out what he is induced to regard for the moment as his policy in national affairs. They were evidently embarrassed by his presence, however, and it is but doing them justice to admit that for once they were plainly ashamed of their servitude. They were conscious that CROKER'S coarse exhibition of "boss" power made an unpleasant impression upon their fellow-members who come from parts of the country where a republican form of government obtains. But CROKER was only exercising his "rights," and as he had helped to make Mr. CRISP Speaker, he naturally used that officer's private room in which to receive his dependents and from which to issue his ukases.

CROKER'S visit brought New York's shame into full view of the country. It was a serious day when the Tammany autocrat invaded the Capitol and undertook to control the course of legislation, and it was a serious day for the Democratic party when it was demonstrated that CROKER was powerful enough in its councils to command his forces from the room of the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

It was said that he went to Washington to take control of his delegation in the fight against the income tax; that he was angry because the lead had fallen to COCKRAN, whom he insists on humiliating. He is evidently too obtuse to recognize that when he brings himself too near to COCKRAN the contrast is painful, and that he suffers even more than when he is considered in the abstract as the incarnation of low and greedy politics. CROKER'S interest in the income-tax question, like his interest in everything, is narrow and selfish. This time he was right on the main question, but wofully wrong in his method of advocating what is right. The right cannot afford to prevail by his methods.

CROKER has more than one interest in national politics, however, and he was not in Washington only as the opponent of the income tax. He saw the President for a short time, and he paid a visit to Secretary LAMONT. Perhaps he talked about patronage; but it would evidently be unwise for him to waste much time over that subject. CROKER is suspected of taking a profound interest in sugar and petroleum. At the time of his visit the House, sitting in Committee of the Whole, had struck hard blows at the sugar trust and the Standard Oil Company. In voting to abolish the bounty paid under the MCKINLEY law to the domestic sugar-growers, the committee had also voted to abolish the duty on refined sugars. That action, if ratified by Congress, would deprive the trust of its protection. The Standard Oil Company was protected in the Ways and Means Committee's bill by a reciprocity clause, the effect of which would be to keep Russian oil out of the country unless Russia should change its tariff law and admit American oils free of duty. The committee itself offered the amendment, which was carried in Committee of the Whole, striking out this reciprocity provision. During CROKER'S visit to Washington strong efforts were made to secure the retention of the advantages of which these monopolies were threatened to be deprived.

If CROKER really exerted his power in behalf of these trusts, he showed how far-reaching may be the influence of a corrupt man exercising absolute and irresponsible control of the majority party in this city, especially when the same party happens to be in a majority in the country. Whatever it was, CROKER'S mission was a failure. He came back to New York defeated and humiliated. Not only had the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives denied his authority and rejected his counsel, but it was generally believed that his alliance materially injured the opposition to the income tax. Moreover, Mr. COCKRAN, his enemy and intended victim, had contemptuously declined his offers of reconciliation. Notwithstanding CRISP'S humiliation, CROKER had not yet succeeded in making the majority of the House his obedient followers. That distinction remained with the New York delegation. It is probable that the day is far off when CROKER'S word will be effective in national affairs, and that the clouds that are gathering about his castle in Fourteenth Street indicate the coming of the end of him and his like.

## PLATT'S INVESTIGATION.

MR. PLATT has finally decided to investigate the Police Department. This is a tardy response to the demands of the citizens of New York for a thorough and searching investigation of their municipal government. When it was known that one of the results of last fall's election was a Republican majority in the Legislature, it was hoped that this city would at last find relief from the burden and shame of CROKER'S rule. There were signs of promise in the preliminary canvass for Speaker of the Assembly and President *pro tem.* of the Senate. The popular confidence in Speaker MALBY, however, has been destroyed by his subservience to PLATT; but Mr. SAXTON has still an opportunity to justify the reputation he has won as a ballot-law reformer.

The partisanship that was trusted to expose CROKER and his Hall, and to demonstrate the necessity of a new and better system of municipal government, has brought about a different result. It has been used by PLATT as a basis for a deal which contemplates the continuance of corrupt government for the city, the plunder to be shared by both parties instead of going to CROKER and his followers alone. The proof that the city is corruptly governed, and that certain men, official and unofficial, have grown rich from local politics, amounts to a demonstration. The city demanded, as it had a right to demand, that the Legislature which had imposed its present charter upon it should find out precisely what opportunities these plunderers enjoyed under its vicious statutes, and precisely who were guilty. "Why is CROKER rich?" That was one question put to the Legislature—put not only by direct appeal, but by well-known and scandalous facts of current history.

It was the duty of the Republican majority of the Legislature to search every cranny and corner of municipal government in this city, and to set itself seriously and conscientiously to the task of giving New York a sound system of government. But it has turned its back upon the greater task, and, at the bidding of PLATT, for the resolution of investigation was introduced by his most obedient Senator, proposes to make inquiry into the charges against the Police Department alone. To this it was driven by popular clamor excited by the publication in the newspapers of convincing evidence, and by the action of Dr. PARKHURST'S society and of the Chamber of Commerce. Perhaps to the just anger of the people

may be added as part of the impelling force a desire on PLATT's part to force CROKER to make better terms with him. At least this is the shrewd belief of those who are best acquainted with both men.

PLATT's investigation is not above suspicion. Mr. SAXTON, as President *pro tem.* of the Senate, is directly responsible for the composition of the committee; but PLATT's hand is seen in everything connected with the action of the majority at Albany, and the committee is composed of men who are, with the exception of Senator SAXTON, entirely under his and CROKER's control. The investigation will be looked upon as his. If it is not open, fair, and thorough, it will amount to nothing. If it is clearly a sham, intended to protect CROKER instead of exposing him, PLATT and his party will be severely reckoned with by a justly outraged people. And PLATT and his associates may as well understand that the best evidence they can give that the investigation is collusive will be the passage of the bipartisan Police Commission bill.

## THE SUGAR DUTY.

THE House of Representatives has voted in favor of the free admission of sugar and of the entire repeal of the sugar bounty. It remains to be seen whether its action will be sustained in the Senate. The chief questions on the sugar duty are revenue questions. Nine-tenths of the sugar consumed in the country is imported, and the domestic production, chiefly in Louisiana, is comparatively small. In the main, the sugar duty is a simple revenue tax, as a tax on tea or coffee would be. The question is whether this mode of raising revenue is better or worse than others.

The MCKINLEY tariff act admitted sugar free of duty. This was the last step in a long chain of events, all of which served to solidify the policy of high protection, and whose object was to fasten it firmly upon the community. After the civil war, when steps began to be taken toward pruning or abolishing the high taxes which had been imposed in its course, the question presented itself whether to consider all duties as amenable to reduction, or to confine the reductions to the strictly revenue duties, leaving the protective duties intact. The revenue duties had no friends; nobody could deny that they were really taxes; so they easily became the first victims. The protective duties naturally had very warm defenders, who maintained the curious doctrine that, somehow or other, they were really not taxes at all. So they were maintained. The decisive step in this double movement was taken in 1872, when tea and coffee were finally admitted free of duty. There was then a strong minority among the more conservative Republicans which was in favor of retaining these duties in some degree, and desired that the protective duties also should be reduced. Some concession was made to them by the ten per cent. reduction of protective duties which was made in 1872, but repealed three years later—in 1875. In essentials, the unrelenting protectionists won their way, and the desired reduction in the revenue was accomplished without touching the protective duties.

This same policy was followed in the MCKINLEY act. In 1890 the revenue was redundant, and some mode of reducing it had to be found. At the same time, if the revenue could be reduced, one pressing ground for the revision of the tariff would be got rid of, and a future moderation of the protective duties would be made more difficult. Accordingly, sugar was admitted free, and so about fifty-five millions of revenue disappeared. In addition, a bounty was given on domestic sugar, serving to placate the Louisiana planters and the hopeful beet-sugar-makers, and cutting off still another slice from the available revenue. By this double process about sixty-five millions of dollars of yearly revenue were got rid of. The object of cutting down the revenue, as we know, was only too successfully accomplished. The removal of the sugar duties and the imposition of the bounty are the main causes of the present condition of the national Treasury, and of the financial embarrassments which the Democrats encounter in their endeavor to moderate the protective system.

Under these circumstances the consistent and the courageous thing to do is to reimpose the sugar duty, not perhaps to reimpose it at its former rate, which was about two cents a pound, but at a rate of something like one cent a pound. Of course the sugar duty is a tax, and moreover nobody denies that it is a tax. It is not an ideal tax, and we should not advocate its permanent retention. But it is a simple, straightforward, certain tax, sure to yield at once a large and easily collected revenue. Financially it is a more productive tax than an income tax, while on grounds of political expediency the Democrats have more to lose from an income tax than they have from a low sugar tax. If imposed for a limited period, say for three or five years, a sugar tax of one cent would probably tide over the present financial emergency, and at the same time would give the Louisiana sugar-planters a breathing space in which to accommodate their affairs for the coming future of absolutely free sugar. The sudden and complete abolition of the bounty which the MCKINLEY act promised for a period of fifteen years may be fairly complained of as an abrupt and unjust change; while a duty of one cent a pound, coupled with the abolition of the bounty, would be a reasonable compromise for the sugar growers.

We hope, therefore, that the discussions in the Senate will result in a modification of the policy which has been adopted in the House. Let it be frankly admitted that taxes must be imposed in order to produce the national revenue, and that in a time of financial emergency a large, certain, and easily collected source of revenue is not to be lightly cast aside. As between the sugar duty and protective duties, both are taxes, and the Democrats must squarely plant themselves on the doctrine that, between the two, extreme protective taxes are more objectionable, and that the wiping out of the sugar duty, coupled with MCKINLEY protective duties, was a wrong which ought to be corrected. As between an income tax and a sugar duty, the former is felt to be more burdensome by those who pay it, is likely to lead to fraud, evasion, and expense and difficulty in collection, and is obviously damaging to the political prospects of the Democrats in the Northern and Eastern States. Let us have a moderate sugar duty, at least for the present, trusting that the revival of industry and the normal growth of the national revenue from other sources will soon enable it to be done away with.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS ON A RECENT EVENT.

THE public admires physical strength, physical courage, and pluck. It cares more for the hard-hitting heroes of Homer than for the poet who created them. More than this even it likes a trial of strength. Nothing interests it so powerfully as a fight. This must be admitted. When the weapons are only tongues the interest is keen, but it becomes excitedly keen when, in the House of Commons, or in the House of Representatives, there is a threatened or actual laying on of hands, called, technically, "moving into the fray." But there is a distinction between the feeling for this sort of force and for brutality. Only the most degraded part of society, unless they have money invested in it, like brutality. No doubt there was genuine admiration among a considerable portion of the public for CORBETT and MITCHELL, so long as MITCHELL stood up, but there was very little anywhere for the brutal crowd around them. For here was plainly brutality, which lapped up the blood of the conquered without any manly physical courage. And the enthusiastic admiration of brutal natures for the sort of physical ability displayed ought to suggest to these exhibitors of the "manly art" that there must be something degrading in their use of their strength. If it is offered as an excuse that they do this for money, that it is their method of earning a living, then the element of heroism drops out of it altogether, and these men become hired bullies for the entertainment of the lowest brutes, and for the profit of the gambling fraternity.

Yet physical strength and skill are excellent possessions, and ought to obtain the distinction of any exceptional excellence. Is there any honorable, not to say legal, way of utilizing this force enormously developed in here and there a man? The suggestion that they should be made public champions, to whom should be referred the settlement of irreconcilable opinions, probably would not be listened to. Take the late case in the United States Senate, when the determination of the silver question was to be made a matter of physical endurance, and the Senators declared that they were not up to it. Of course it would have been undignified to put it to the international arbitration of CORBETT and MITCHELL. So about the tax on incomes. It might be settled by a "mill" of two very likely as justly as by a mill of the whole House, but it needs no argument to show that if we went on in this way the brutal element of society would presently rule, and our legislation would not be determined according to the interests of the people at large, but by certain rings and speculators. We never could be sure of an honest fight.

There remains, therefore, the mind to be considered. Is there any limit to the power of the mind? And can it in any way be applied to settling these disputes of the relative "goodness" of two men? Confessedly the mind is more powerful than the body, and if our theory of life is correct, a perfect physical system ought to be the seat of the best mental development. Now we are told that the action of the mind can cure physical ills in a body not owned by it. If it can do this, then the converse ought to be true, with this supreme control over matter, that it can disorganize and reduce to feebleness a sound body. It is worth suggesting, therefore, that the bruisers should try the mind-cure for their purposes. CORBETT and MITCHELL were both highly trained physically, and they seem to have had the mental strength required for the ordeal. Now if they had been seated in the ring back to back, and tried to annihilate each other by the exercise of the will power, we should have had a capital test of this force. Half an hour of this "treatment," without an uttered word of profanity, might have weakened one or the other so that he would have acknowledged his inferiority without having had his face smashed out of human semblance. This would not have amused the roughs, and perhaps not have satisfied the crowds watching the bulletins in distant cities; but it would have been legal, and it would have demonstrated the power of mind over matter, and thrown needed light on the disputed point of the influence of matter on mind. Prize-fighting as at present conducted does very little scientifically to elucidate any of these questions.

## A RULING IN DEFENCE OF PRIVACY.

AN actor has succeeded, by the help of a New York court, in restraining the publisher of a newspaper from printing his picture alongside of that of another actor, and holding a contest of popularity between them. The newspaper publisher invited his readers to send in their votes as to which actor they preferred; but one of the victims insisted that he should not be voted upon without his consent, and the court declared that his objections were reasonable, and sustained them. No newspaper, it said, had a right to use a man's name or picture for such a purpose without his consent. If he was a private person the law gave him a remedy even against the unauthorized publication of his likeness, and the courts in such cases would secure him in his right to be left alone.

Judge MCADAM's views, as set forth in this opinion, seem sound and are certainly reassuring. There are advantages about publicity and advantages about privacy, and it ought to lie to some extent within the choice of every well-behaved citizen to say which he prefers to enjoy, and to be supported in his preference. Provided one's fame is tolerably fair, there are distinct advantages about having one's name, and even one's visage, in the newspapers. To be widely recognized as an actor, a statesman, a writer, a lawyer, a merchant, helps one in the collection of the particular sort of tribute which he thinks the world owes him. Notoriety of the right sort brings power to the statesman, clients to the lawyer, spectators to the actor, and buyers to the merchant and the writer. All of them, except the statesman, have something to sell, and the wares of each one, except, perhaps, the merchant, partake of the quality of the seller, and are more marketable, and that means more valuable, according as he is favorably known to a greater number of possible purchasers. The man who writes books may happen to be modest and may say, "I will sell you my ideas, but not my individuality," and for a time he may keep his picture and his personal idiosyncrasies out of the newspapers. But his effort seems hardly worth while, for it is inevitable that if he is worth knowing about he will presently be known; if enough people care to know how he looks his likeness will presently be printed, and the gossips will know how many wives and children he has had, how many cigars he smokes a day, and what sort of tooth-powder he uses when he brushes his teeth.

It is amusing to remark how most contemporary writers of reputation have ceased to bother their heads about publicity one way or another. When they sell their wares nowadays they seem to throw in as much of their personality as the purchaser cares to use. If the publisher chooses to advertise their faces alongside of their books, they seem to regard that as his lookout, and no particular concern of theirs. Accordingly there seems to be no contemporary popular writer of English whose visage is not quite as familiar as his books.

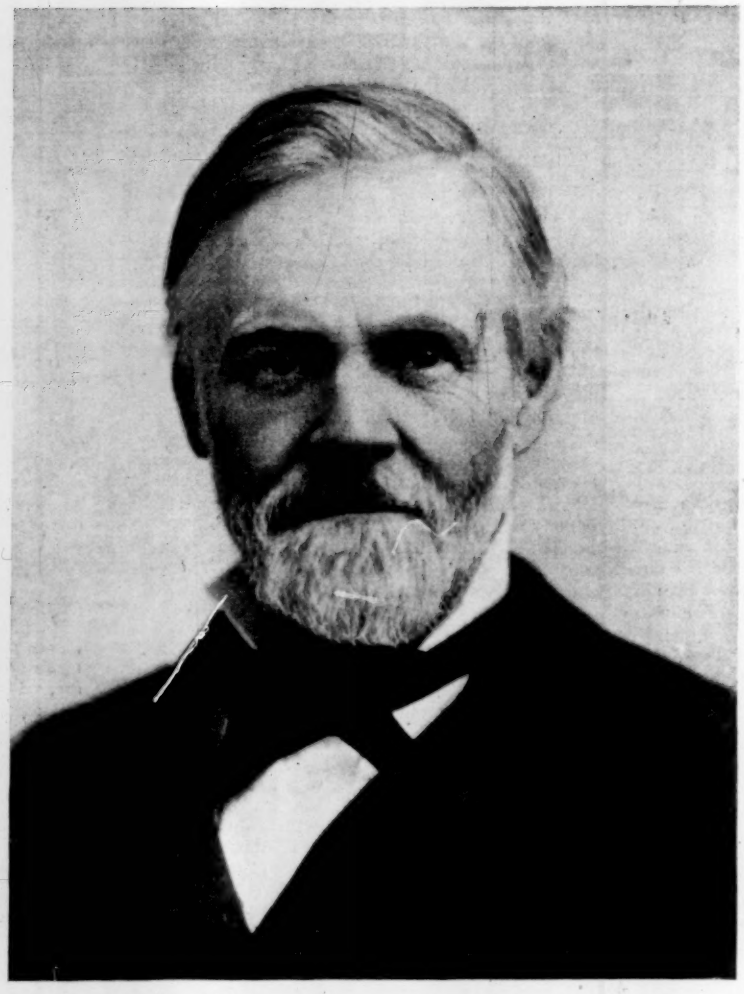
Nor is this sort of publicity peculiar to this country or to the literary trade. Lord Rosebery spoke rather ruefully the other day about the spread of the tendency in England. In an address at Battersea, in which he remarked with earnest approval the growth of the municipal spirit in London, he went on to say that municipalization might go too far, and that he deprecated the danger which seemed to threaten of the municipalization of the individual. "I sometimes think," he continued,

> "that in this great desire that all should be good in common, and in that great energy which is expended on behalf of public objects, particularly aided by journalism and particularly aided by natural curiosity, the privacy of the individual is disappearing. I take it that no man can act in a public position without feeling that his life has ceased to be his own. That, no doubt, has always, to some extent, been the case with all public men. But they had some private life. When I read the newspapers it seems to me that the private life of a public man has ceased to exist. I seem to know everything that Mr. GLADSTONE does from the moment he rises in the morning to the moment he goes to bed at night. I take it that if any man of equal eminence should arise he would have to divulge every act of his life to the prying gaze of publicity. Is this entirely a good thing? Have men who work for the public no right to retirement and repose? Have they not a right to meditate, which they can hardly do in public, more especially when their meditations may be supposed to be on behalf of the public? I do not know where you are to localize the sort of literature to which I allude—the literature which makes common the life of every man, and which is only the supply to meet an irresistible demand. But I do hope that those who find any fascination in it will offer a grain of sympathy to the subjects of that literature."

No doubt the man whose privacy is invaded needs consolation, for publicity is, on some accounts, a nuisance. But there is a more substantial solace at his command than the mere sympathy of his invaders. For publicity is power. Knowledge of a man who is worth knowing begets interest in his work, and that leads to a willingness to help him. Mr. GLADSTONE is constantly under observation, and that must be inconvenient; but a great part of Mr. GLADSTONE's enormous power in England is due to his personal popularity with a great number of people whose acquaintance with him is as intimate as they can make it, and who inform themselves as far as possible of everything he does. Mr. CLEVELAND's influence in this country is of much the same sort. It rests largely on his personality. He has suffered as much as any one can from the nuisance of an invaded privacy, but it is in the confidence of a host of people who know him, or think they know him, personally, that he finds his support. Even the unreasonable publicity from which he suffers has the advantage of bringing him nearer to the popular heart.

In those lines of effort, which include some of the worthiest, in which public favor is a measure of success, the wisest plan in these days seems to be to take care of one's behavior and let his publicity take care of itself. To live in retirement and still be a force in the world are conflicting conditions which it is seldom given to the same individual to realize. Petty methods of personal advertisement, though possibly useful in small ways, are distasteful to a sincere man; but to any tolerable form of publicity that comes unsolicited and seeks its victim out it is as well to yield gracefully, as to the inevitable, with confidence that its practical advantages may offset the violence it may do to one's personal sentiments.

LEMUEL E. QUIGG,
Congressman Fourteenth District of New York.



UNITED STATES SENATOR SHERMAN, OF OHIO.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.
(See Page 135.)

ISIDOR STRAUS,
Congressman Fifteenth District of New York.

## TWO NEW CONGRESSMEN.

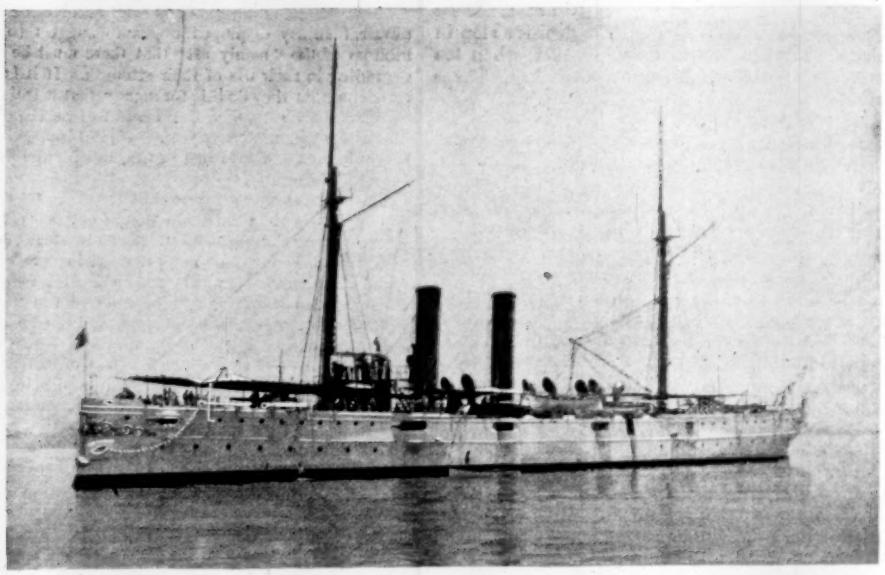
The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Congressional Districts of New York were deprived of their Representatives last November by the election of Ashbel P. Fitch and John R. Fellows to the respective offices of Comptroller and District Attorney of New York city. In consequence a special election to fill the vacancies was held in both of the districts on Tuesday, January 30th. The campaign which preceded was short but interesting, and the result seemed doubtful until the last, although both districts have heretofore been strongly Democratic. In the Fifteenth District, Isidor Straus, Democrat, was elected by a plurality of 4687 votes over Frederick Sigrist, Republican, the same district in 1892 having given the Democratic candidate a plurality of 11,869. The Fourteenth District, however, went Republican by a plurality of 984, electing Lemuel Ely Quigg over ex-State Senator William L. Brown. This district in 1892 gave Mr. Fellows a plurality of 8825.

Isidor Straus, the new Democratic Congressman, was born in Bavaria in 1845, but early came with his family to this country, and settled in Georgia.

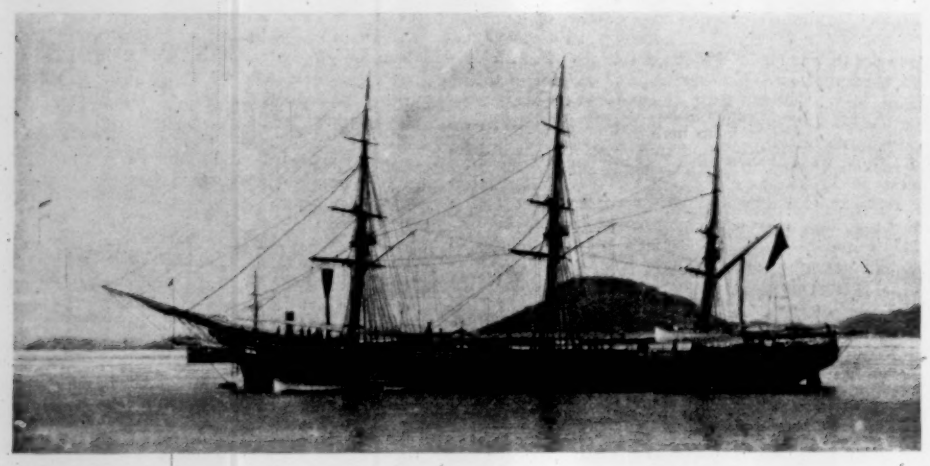
After having received a good education, and while a young man, he removed to New York, and there entered into the crockery business with his father, under the firm name of L. Straus & Son. Mr. Straus has prospered in his business. He is a thorough believer in tariff reform, and a man of great ability. He is also widely known as a promoter of charitable enterprises.

The Republican victor of the Fourteenth District, Lemuel Ely Quigg, is a young man, being not more than thirty-one years of age. He was born in Maryland, and is the son of the Rev. John B. Quigg. Upon coming to New York city he engaged in newspaper work, and for several years past has been connected with the New York *Tribune*, during which time he has written many documents for the Republican party in the campaigns of 1890 and '92. Mr. Quigg has had no experience in political life other than that acquired by contact with the leaders of his party. The new Congressmen will not be able to take their seats for ten days or so, as their districts must be canvassed before certificates of election can be issued to them.

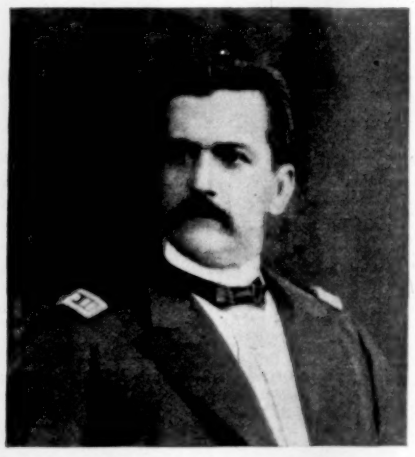
REAR-ADMIRAL BENHAM, U. S. N.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "DETROIT."



THE BRAZILIAN INSURGENT SHIP "TRAJANO."



ADMIRAL SALDANHA DA GAMA.

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INTERESTS IN BRAZILIAN WATERS.—[See Page 130.]

Rear-Admiral Benham's prompt Action in the Harbor of Rio.

# PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE weeks went on, and still Barnabas had not yielded. The story of his quarrel with Cephas Barnard and his broken engagement with Charlotte had become an old one in Pembroke, but it had not yet lost its interest. A genuine excitement was so rare in the little peaceful village that it had to be made to last, and rolled charily under the tongue like a sweet morsel. However, there seemed to be no lack now, for the one had set others in motion: everybody knew how Barnabas Thayer no longer lived at home, and did not sit in his father's pew in church, but in the gallery, and how Richard Alger had stopped going to see Sylvia Crane.

There was not much walking in the village, except to and from church on a Sabbath day, but now on pleasant Sabbath evenings an occasional couple, or an inquisitive old man with eyes sharp under white brows, and chin set ahead like a pointer's, strolled past Sylvia's house and the Thayer house, Barney's new one and Cephas Barnard's.

They looked sharply and furtively to see if Sylvia had a light in her best room, and if Richard Alger's head was visible through the window, if Barney Thayer had gone home and yielded to his mother's commands, if any more work had been done on the new house, and if he perchance had gone a-courting Charlotte again.

But they never saw Richard Alger's face in poor Sylvia's best room, although her candle was always lit; they never saw Barney at his old home, the new house advanced not a step beyond its incompleteness, and Barney never was seen at Charlotte Barnard's on a Sabbath night. Once, indeed, there was a rumor to that effect. A man's smooth dark head was visible at one of the front-room windows opposite Charlotte's fair one, and everybody took it for Barney's.

The next morning Barney's mother came to the door of the new house. "I want to know if it's true that you went over there last night," she said; her voice was harsh, but her mouth was yielding.

"No, I didn't," said Barney, shortly, and Deborah went away with a harsh exclamation. Before long she knew and everybody else knew that the man who had been seen at Charlotte's window was not Barney, but Thomas Payne.

Presently Ephraim came slowly across to the garden-patch where Barney was planting. He was breathing heavily, and grinning. When he reached Barney he stood still watching him, and the grin deepened. "Say, Barney," he panted at length.

"Well, what is it?"

"You've lost your girl; did you know it, Barney?"

Barney muttered something unintelligible; it sounded like the growl of a dog, but Ephraim was not intimidated. He chuckled with delight and spoke again. "Say, Barney, Thomas Payne's got your girl; did you know it, Barney?"

Barney turned threateningly, but he was helpless before his brother's sickly face, and Ephraim knew it. That purple hue and that panting breath had gained an armistice for him on many a battle-field, and he had a certain triumph in it. It was power of a lugubrious sort, certainly, but still it was power, and so to be enjoyed.

"Thomas Payne's got your girl," he repeated; "he was over there a-courtin' of her last night; a-settin' up along of her."

Barney took a step forward, and Ephraim fell back a little, still grinning imperturbably. "You mind your own business," Barney said between his teeth; and right upon his words followed Ephraim's hoarse chuckle and his "Thomas Payne's got your girl."

Barney turned about and went on with his planting. Ephraim, standing a little aloof, somewhat warily since his brother's threatening advance, kept repeating his one remark, as mocking as the snarl of a mosquito. "Thomas Payne's got your girl, Barney. Say, did you know it? Thomas Payne's got your girl."

Finally Ephraim stepped close to Barney and shouted it into his ear: "Say, Barney, Barney Thayer, be you deaf? Thomas Payne has got—your—*girl*." But Barney planted on; his nerves were quivering, the impetus to strike out was so strong in his arms that it seemed as if it must by sheer mental force affect his teasing brother, but he made no sign, and said not another word.

Ephraim, worsted at length by silence, beat a gradual retreat. Half-way across the field his panting voice called back, "Barney, Thomas Payne has got your girl," and ended in a choking giggle. Barney planted, and made no response; but when Ephraim was well out of sight, he flung down his hoe with a groaning sigh, and went stumbling across the soft loam of the garden-patch into a little woody thicket beside it. He penetrated deeply between the trees and underbrush, and at last flung himself down on his face among the soft young flowers and weeds. "Oh, Charlotte!" he groaned out. "Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" Barney began sobbing and crying like a child as he lay there; he moved his arms convulsively, and tore up handfuls of young grass and leaves, and flung them away in the unconscious gesturing of grief. "Oh, I can't, I can't!" he groaned. "I—can't—Charlotte! I can't—let any other man have you! No other man shall have you!" he cried out, fiercely, and flung up his head; "you are mine, mine! I'll kill any other man that touches you!" Barney got up, and his face was flaming; he started off with a great stride, and then he stopped short and flung an arm around the slender trunk of a white-birch tree, and pulled it against him and leaned against it as if it were Charlotte, and laid his cheek on the cool white bark and sobbed again like a girl. "Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte," he moaned, and his voice was drowned out by the manifold rustling of the young birch leaves, as a human grief is overborne and carried out of sight by the soft resistless progress of nature.

Barney, although his faith in Charlotte had been as strong as any man's should be in his promised wife, had now no doubt but this other man had met with favor in her eyes. But he had no blame for her, nor even any surprise at her want of constancy. He blamed the Lord, for Charlotte as well as for himself. "If this hadn't happened she never would have looked at any one else," he thought, and his thought had the force of a blow against fate.

This Thomas Payne was the best match in the village; he was the squire's son, good-looking, and college-educated. Barney had always known that he fancied Charlotte, and had felt a certain triumph that he had won her in the face of it. "You might have somebody that's a good deal better off if you didn't have me," he had said to her once, and they both knew whom he meant. "I don't want anybody else," Charlotte had replied with her shy stateliness. Now Barney thought that she had changed her mind; and why should she not? A girl ought to marry if she could; he could not marry her himself, and should not expect her to remain single all her life for his sake. Of course Charlotte wanted to be married, like other women. This probable desire of Charlotte's for love and marriage in itself apart from him thrilled his male fancy with a certain holy awe and respect, from his love for her and utter ignorance of the attitude of womanhood. Then, too, he reflected that Thomas Payne would probably make her a good husband. "He can buy her everything she wants," he thought, with a curious mixture of gratulation for her and agony on his own account. He thought of the little bonnets he had meant to buy for her himself, and these details pierced his heart like needles. He sobbed, and the birch-tree quivered in a wind of human grief. He saw Charlotte going to church in her bridal bonnet with Thomas Payne more plainly than he could ever see her in life, for a torturing imagination reflects life like a magnifying-glass, and makes it clearer and larger than reality. He saw Charlotte with Thomas Payne, blushing all over her proud delicate face when he looked at her; he saw her with Thomas Payne's children. "Oh God!" he gasped, and he threw himself down on the ground again, and lay there, face downward, motionless as if fate had indeed seized him and shaken the life out of him and left him there for dead; but it was his own will which was his fate.

"Barney," his father called, somewhere out in the field. "Barney, where be you?"

"I'm coming," Barney called back, in a surly voice, and he pulled himself up and pushed his way out of the thicket to the ploughed field where his father stood.

"Oh, there you be!" said Caleb. Barney grunted something inarticulate, and took up his hoe again. Caleb stood watching him, his eyes irresolute under anxiously frowning brows. "Barney," he said at length.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I've jest heard—" the old man began; then he stopped with a jump.

"I don't want to hear what you've heard. Keep it to yourself if you've heard anything!" Barney shouted.

"I didn't know as you knew," Caleb stammered, apologetically. "I didn't know as you'd heard, Barney."

Caleb went to the edge of the field, and sat down on a great stone under a wild-cherry tree. He was not feeling very well, his head was dizzy, and his wife had given him a bowl of thoroughwort and ordered him not to work.

Caleb pushed his hat back and passed his hand across his forehead. It was hot, and his face was flushed. He watched his son following up his work with dogged energy as if it were an enemy, and his mind seemed to turn stupid in the face of speculation, like a boy's over a problem in arithmetic.

There was no human being so strange and mysterious, such an unknown quantity, to Caleb Thayer as his own son. He had not one trait of character in common with him, at least not one so translated into his own vernacular that he could comprehend it. It was to Caleb as if he looked in a glass expecting to see his own face, and saw therein the face of a stranger.

The wind was quite cool, and blew full on Caleb as he sat there. Barney kept glancing at him. At length he spoke. "You'll get cold if you sit there in that wind, father," he sung out, and there was a rude kindliness in his tone.

Caleb jumped up with alacrity. "I dun'no' but I shall. I guess you're right. I wa'n't goin' to set here but a minute," he answered, eagerly. Then he went over to Barney again, and stood near watching him. Barney's hoe clinked on a stone, and he stooped and picked it out of the loam, and threw it away. "There's a good many stone in this field," said the old man.

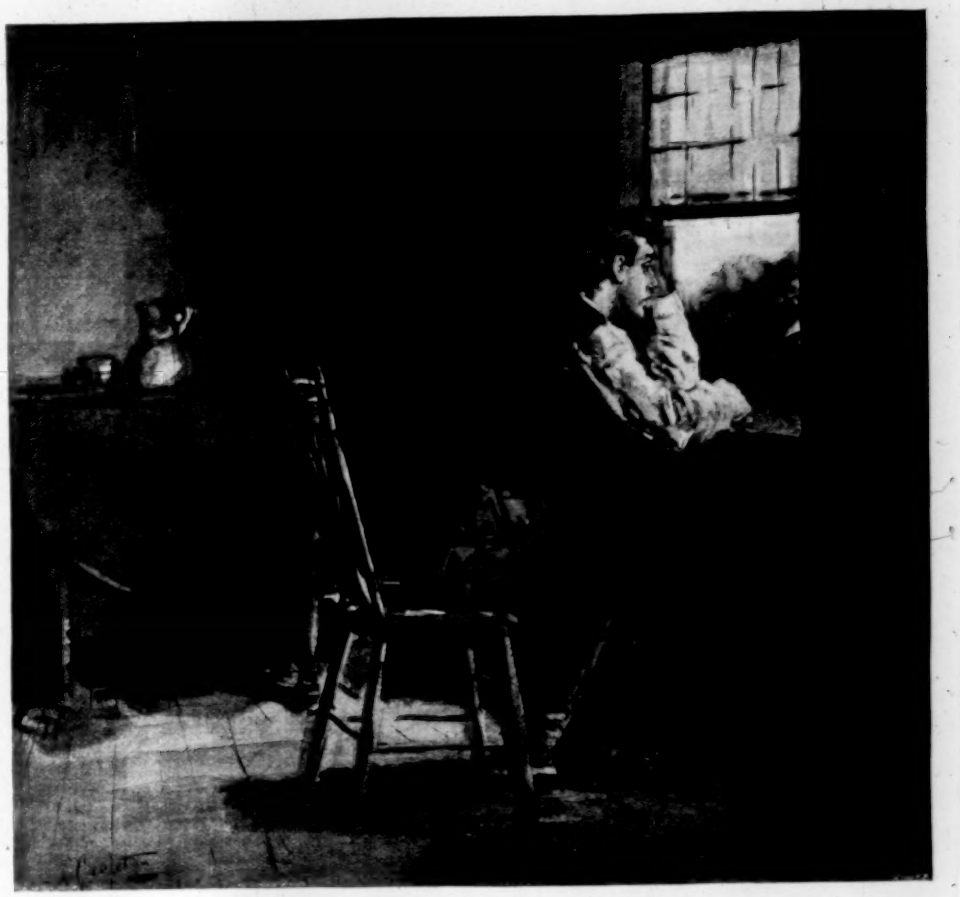
"There's some."

"It was a heap of work clearin' of it in the first place. You wa'n't more'n two year old when I cleared it. My brother Simeon helped me. It was five year before he got the fever an' died." Caleb looked at his son with anxious pleading, which was out of proportion to his words, and seemed to apply to something behind them in his own mind.

Barney worked on silently.

"I don't believe but what—if you was—to go over there—you could get her back again now, away from that Payne fellar," Caleb blurted out, suddenly; then he shrank back as if from an anticipated blow.

Barney threw a hoeful of earth high in air and faced his father.



"THE SUN SET AND THE DUSK DEEPENED."

"Once for all, father," said he, "I don't want to hear another word about this."

"I shouldn't have said nothin', Barney, but I kinder thought—"

"I don't care what you thought. Keep your thoughts to yourself."

"I know she allers thought a good deal of you, an'—"

"I don't want another word out of your mouth about it, father."

"Well, I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it if you don't want me to, Barney; but you know how mother feels, an'—Well, I ain't goin' to say no more."

Caleb passed his hand across his forehead, and set off across the field. Just before he was out of hearing, Barney hailed him.

"Do you feel better'n you did, father?" said he.

"What say, Barney?"

"Do you feel better'n you did this morning?"

"Yes, I feel some better, Barney—some considerable better." Caleb started to go back to Barney; then he paused and stood irresolute, smiling toward him. "I feel considerable better," he called again; "my head ain't nigh so dizzy as 'twas."

"You'd better go home, father, and lay down, and see if you can't get a nap," called Barney.

"Yes, I guess I will; I guess 'twould be a good plan," returned the old man, in a pleased voice. And he went on, clambered clumsily over a stone wall, disappeared behind some trees, reappeared in the open, then disappeared finally over the slope of the hilly field.

It was just five o'clock in the afternoon. Presently a woman came hurrying across the field, with some needle-work gathered up in her arms. She had been spending the afternoon at a neighbor's with her sewing, and was now hastening home to get supper for her husband. She was a pretty woman, and she had not been married long. She nodded to Barney as she hurried past him, holding up her gay-flowered calico skirt tidily. Her smooth fair hair shone

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like satin in the sun; she wore a little blue kerchief tied over her head, and it slipped back as she ran against the wind. She did not speak to Barney nor smile; he thought her handsome face looked severely at him. She had always known him, although she had not been one of his mates; she was somewhat older.

Barney felt a pang of misery as this fair, severe, and happy face passed him by. He wondered if she had been up to Charlotte's, and if Charlotte or her mother had been talking to her, and if she knew about Thomas Payne. He watched her out of sight in a swirl of gay skirts, her blue and golden head bobbing with her dancing steps; then he glanced over his shoulder at his poor new house, with its fireless chimneys. If all had gone well, he and Charlotte would have been married by this time, and she would have been bestirring herself to get supper for him—perhaps running home from a neighbor's with her sewing as this other woman was doing. All the sweet domestic comfort which he had missed seemed suddenly to toss above his eyes like the one desired fruit of his whole life; its wonderful unknown flavor tantalized his soul. All at once he thought how Charlotte would prepare supper for another man, and the thought seemed to tear his heart like a panther. "He sha'n't have her!" he cried out, quite loudly and fiercely. His own voice seemed to quiet him, and he fell to work again with his mouth set hard.

In half an hour he quitted work, and went up to his house with his hoe over his shoulder like a bayonet. The house was just as the workmen had left it on the night before his quarrel with Cephas Barnard. He had himself fitted some glass into the windows of the kitchen and bedroom, and boarded up the others—that was all. He purchased a few simple bits of furniture, and had set up his miserable bachelor housekeeping. Barney was no cook, and he could purchase no cooked food in Pembroke. He had subsisted mostly upon milk and eggs and a poor and lumpy quality of corn-meal mush, which he had made shift to stir up after many futile efforts.

The first thing which he saw on entering the room to-night was a generous square of light Indian cake on the table. It was not in a plate, the edges were bent and crumbling, and the whole square looked somewhat flattened. Barney knew at once that his father had saved it from his own supper, had slipped it slyly into his pocket, and stolen across the field with it. His mother had not given him a mouthful since she had forbidden him to come home to dinner, and his sister had not dared.

Barney sat down and ate the Indian cake, a solitary householder at his solitary table, around which there would never be any faces but those of his dead dreams. Afterwards he pulled a chair up to an open window, and sat there, resting his elbows on the sill, staring out vacantly. The sun set, and the dusk deepened; the air was loud with birds; there were shouts of children in the distance; gradually these died away, and the stars came out. The wind was damp and sweet; over in the field pale shapes of mist wavered and changed like phantoms. A woman came running noiselessly into the yard, and pressed against the door panting, and knocked. Barney saw the swirl of light skirts around the corner, then the knock came.

He got up, trembling, and opened the door, and stood there looking at the woman, who held her hooded head down.

"It's me, Barney," said Charlotte's voice.

"Come in," said Barney, and he moved aside.

But Charlotte stood still. "I can say what I want to here," she whispered, panting. "Barney."

"Well, what is it, Charlotte?"

"Barney."

Barney waited.

"I've come over here to-night, Barney, to see you," said Charlotte, with solemn pauses between her words. "I don't know as I ought to; I don't know but I ought to have more pride. I thought at first I never—could,—but afterwards I thought it was my duty. Barney, are you going to let—anything like this—come between us—forever?"

"There ain't any use talking, Charlotte."

Charlotte's hooded figure stood before him stiff and straight. There was resolution in her carriage, and her pleading tone was grave and solemn.

"Barney," she said again; and Barney waited, his pale face standing aloof in the dark.

"Barney, do you think it is right to let anything like this come between you and me, when we were almost husband and wife?"

"It's no use talking, Charlotte."

"Do you think this is right, Barney?"

Barney was silent.

"If you can't answer me I will go home," said Charlotte, and she turned, but Barney caught her in his arms. He held her close, breathing in great pants. He pulled her hood back with trembling strength, and kissed her over and over, roughly.

"Charlotte," he half sobbed.

Charlotte's voice, full of a great womanly indignation, sounded in his ear. "Barney, you let me go," she said, and Barney obeyed.

"When I came here alone this way I trusted you to treat me like a gentleman," said she. She pulled her hood over her face again and turned to go. "I shall never speak to you about this again," said she. "You have chosen your own way, and you know best whether it's right, or you're happy in it."

"I hope you'll be happy, Charlotte," Barney said, with a great sigh.

"That don't make any difference to you," said Charlotte, coldly.

"Yes, it does; it does, Charlotte! When I heard about Thomas Payne, I felt as if—if it would make you happy. I—"

"What about Thomas Payne?" asked Charlotte, sharply.

"I heard—how he was coming to see you—"

"Do you mean that you want me to marry Thomas Payne, Barney Thayer?"

"I want you to be happy, Charlotte."

"Do you want me to marry Thomas Payne?"

Barney was silent.

"Answer me," cried Charlotte.

"Yes, I do," replied Barney, firmly, "if it would make you happy."

"You want me to marry Thomas Payne?" repeated Charlotte. "You want me to be his wife instead of yours, and go to live with him instead of you? You want me to live with another man?"

"It ain't right for you not to get married," Barney said, and his voice was hoarse and strange.

"You want me to get married to another man? Do you know what it means?"

Barney gave a groan that was half a cry.

"Do you?"

"Oh, Charlotte!" Barney groaned, as if imploring her for pity.

"You want me to marry Thomas Payne, and live with him—"

"He'd—make you a good husband. He's—Charlotte—I I can't. You've got to be happy. It ain't right—I can't—"

"Well," said Charlotte, "I will marry him. Good-night, Barney Thayer." She went swiftly out of the yard.

"Charlotte!" Barney called after her, as if against his own will, but she never turned her head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PRESERVE THE NAVY.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, ENSIGN, U.S.N.

OUR new navy consists to-day of twenty modern sea-going ships of various sizes and types, mostly cruisers. In addition to these we still have in commission twelve old-type wooden frigates, thus making an aggregate naval force of thirty-two vessels. Every one of these vessels is in commission, and of them only a small assortment of the least fitted for distant service is gathered under the flag of the home station, showing that every one of the thirty-two vessels is absolutely needed for the protection of our citizens and the maintenance of our honor and dignity as a nation in various parts of the world. Moreover, the twelve old wooden frigates are making their last cruise, and cannot be recommissioned without courting destruction, with loss of life and discredit to the nation. Turning to the vessels building, we happily find just twelve of the latest types sufficiently ready to fill the vacancies. It is, then, evident that Congress has so far given us a new navy just large enough to represent our country with honor in time of peace, *provided* every new ship finished or building be kept continually cruising without relief until her final decay.

Laying aside the contingency of war, when, every man of military training will admit, our fleet should be four or five times as large as it is, it is still necessary that Congress shall quickly give us more ships, in order to allow those which we already have to be relieved from the strain of perpetual cruising and to be laid up for thorough overhauling and renovation.

Boilers and engines, masts, decks, and joiner-work, can be renewed *ad infinitum*, and, though it would be with great discomfort and demoralization to her *personnel*, it could even be done while a ship is in commission; but a ship's life is the life of her hull—the number of years her keel and keelsons, frames and brackets, bulkheads and outside plating, remain sufficiently sound to withstand the buffeting of waves, the straining of seas, the shocks of gun-firing, and the racking of engines.

All these parts are made of steel, connected together by angle-irons and rivets, forming all manner of irregular-shaped spaces, from compartments large enough to hold a set of boilers to cells into which a child cannot crawl; and the thickness of this steel is but three-eighths of an inch.

When a ship is in commission every possible natural agent is at work for the destruction of her hull. Anchor-chains, lighters, barnacles, and vegetable growth are chafing away and absorbing the protecting paint outside, allowing the sea-water to attack and eat into the bared steel. Inside, the stowing and moving of stores, gear, ammunition, and coal are wearing away paint and cement, allowing the leakage of pipes and the acids of bilge-water to rust and corrode in hundreds of places. This work of destruction is guarded against by the most watchful care. The regulations of the navy require steel ships to be placed in dry-dock at least once in six months. While there their bottoms are cleaned, scraped, brushed with wire brushes, painted with red-lead, then with anti-corrosive paint, and finally with anti-fouling paint. Nevertheless, signs of pitting and corrosion are generally found at each docking, usually around the bow, where the chains have chafed the steel bare when the ship was at anchor, and along the water-line, where heavy lighters have done the same mischief.

The regulations also require that the inside compartments, cells, and bottom of a steel ship shall be inspected by the executive officer and the chief engineer, each in his own department, once a week, and that they be kept thoroughly cleaned and painted. Moreover, a board of officers other than those two must make a special inspection once in three months, and report all deterioration to the Navy Department through the captain of the ship.

Now a modern steel ship is divided, according to her size and intended structural strength, into a greater or less number of separate compartments and cellular bottom spaces, but, generally speaking, there will always be principal subdivisions as follows:

A collision compartment in the bow and ram, very much subdivided by brackets and floors, not used for stowage, but difficult of access in the narrowing stem. This compartment is apt to have corrosions due to the weeping of seams and rivets loosened by the straining of the ship at her chains when anchored.

Next there is usually a compartment in which are general store rooms. Its contents are light, and can be easily moved, and it contains only minor drains, is seldom in bad condition, and is easily examined and cleaned.

Next comes the fore-hold, usually packed to its utmost capacity with barrels of beef, pork, vinegar, and molasses, and with cordage, tackles, and hawsers. It takes almost a day to break this out, and as much longer to restow it, yet this must be done in order to inspect and clean it, leaving the decks meanwhile so encumbered with gear that drills are cramped, and the living quarters of the crew rendered partially untenable. It is manifestly impracticable to do this once a week, so that some deterioration may always be expected at quarterly inspections. In fact, the very breaking out and restowing of such heavy material, by lacerating the protecting paint upon the bottom plating, is almost as pernicious as leaving it untouched.

Next after the hold is found a compartment usually containing auxiliary engines, turret machinery, or dynamos, under the floors of which are shallow spaces difficult to inspect, and more difficult to clean and paint.

Further aft are magazines and shell-rooms, filled, like the hold, to their utmost capacity, necessitating a day's work to break them out, another to clean beneath them, and another to restow them, during which time dangerous explosives must be left more or less exposed upon the open decks.

Then come the series of compartments for boilers and engines, under whose floors are spaces always containing more or less grease and salt water, while the protection to the bottom plating is continually lacerated by stray coals and hot ashes. These spaces can only be properly overhauled when the ship is in port without steam, and are traversed in all directions by piping for water and steam, from which there is more or less leaking and sweating. On either side of these compartments are coal-bunkers, never sufficiently empty for thorough inspection and repair so long as the ship is in commission. There is probably not a ship of the new navy which has not several tons of coal still in her bunkers which were placed there during her contract trials. A cruising ship whose coal supply gets low enough to be shifted about from bunker to bunker to allow of inspection is on a dangerously short margin. Nowhere else in a ship's hull is there liable to be so much wear and tear on metal surfaces. Bulkhead doors are there which may be wrenched in filling the bunkers. Paint-work is invariably bruised and torn. Scupper-pipes and fragile drain-pipes run through to the outside plating, and may be loosened from it or even broken entirely off, allowing an inroad of sea-water to gut a swath of corrosion for months undetected.

Shell-rooms and magazines will be found abaft the engines, subject to the same difficulty of cleaning and inspection as those forward. Then come more store-rooms, and perhaps auxiliary engine-rooms, a tiller-room full of machinery, and finally a narrowing cellular space at the stern called the run.

Should the ship be a large one there will be a double bottom, and, between the two, little subdivisions as numerous as the cells in a honeycomb, all of which must be kept clean, dry, and painted. Yet it has been found necessary to keep these spaces filled with water for long periods to preserve the stability of some of our ships.

Above all the compartments described there is a protective steel deck shaped like the back of a turtle, and between this and the flat deck over it are awkward spaces of triangular cross section, almost inaccessible at some points, and filled with stores at others, and into these spaces water persistently percolates from almost untraceable sources.

The floors and crevices of the bottom spaces are lined with cement, while the sides, angle-irons, brackets, and rivets are painted with red-lead. If cement is laid upon damp steel it will simply harden to conceal an ever-wet and corroding space, until it disintegrates or scales off to show its mischief. If red-lead is applied to damp steel it dries into a smooth deceptive curtain, behind which there forms a fine rust, only to be discovered by tearing away the paint like paper from a damp wall. On the other hand, a layer of cement upon a clean dry surface of steel will remain intact for years, and a coat of properly mixed red-lead upon a similar surface cannot be removed without hacking away the steel itself with a sharp instrument.

It is imperative, then, that a ship's inner bottom shall not only be thoroughly clean but thoroughly dry when cemented and painted. Now the inner bottom of a ship afloat, owing to the water around her being almost invariably cooler than the air inside, is in a continual sweat of condensation, or, at the best, sufficiently damp to prevent the adhesion of paint. Compartments may be painted and repainted quarter after quarter, only to find the same cloak of evil at the end of the next. If, then, any part of her first protective coat has been put on during a damp day when a ship is building, or any portion has not been painted at all until after she has been put afloat, the evil can never be fully remedied so long as she remains afloat and in commission.

Is it not thus clearly shown that to make a ship last her full period of lifetime she must be put out of commission at least after every three years' cruise, everything removed from her, even to the last lump of coal and the last rope-yarn, then to be docked, cleaned, and dried out to the uttermost cellular space, and finally recemented and repainted inside while still out of the water and on specially chosen extremely dry days?

Until now it has been utterly impossible to do this with the vessels of our infant navy. They have been required to perform double and treble duty all over the world. More than one of them has done duty on three different stations thousands of miles apart within half a year. The first of the new ships was commissioned in 1886. The Roach cruisers have been in commission more than six years. Half of the new ships have been cruising more than three years. The Navy Department is being compelled, in spite of the need of them on stations, to begin laying them up for repairs. The first one to go out of commission is the *Atlanta;* and her condition, due to seven years' unbroken cruising, has been found to be deplorable. The *Boston* and *Chicago* must soon follow. These can ill be spared, and others must wait much too long for similar relief. To maintain our peace navy alone we must have half as many ships again as are now built and building; we should have fifty ships. One-third of these may then be undergoing proper life-giving renovation while the other two-thirds are cruising. It is to tell the public this that this article is written. It is to make them understand that a dozen new ships out of commission would not be an evidence that we had more ships than we needed, but that our peace navy was in a healthy self-supporting condition. The life of a steel ship subjected to such an ever-recurring cycle of thorough renovation will be greater than the remaining years of this journal's youngest reader.

We have told our representatives in Congress that we wanted a navy which would take away our shame as a maritime nation, and they have given it to us. Now let us convince them that we want that navy perpetuated by making it large enough to be self-supporting, even if we are reluctant to authorize its increase to a war-footing. Otherwise our beautiful new ships must, like a man who leads a fast life, become old before their time, and fall to ruin when they should be in the prime of their existence.

## A CANADIAN ICE-CARNIVAL.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE ice-carnival that is being held at Quebec this week marks the revival of a festival that a few years ago flourished in Canada, and for a short time in the United States as well. I do not know that any record has been kept of the very first effort in Canada to hold an organized meeting of the snow-shoers, curlers, skaters, and such, which go to make up a carnival, but it cannot be more than a dozen years since general attention was attracted to the beautiful Canadian city of Montreal by its very successful and beautiful carnivals.

The toboggan may undoubtedly be said to be really the cause of these early carnivals, for it is the most exciting and exhilarating of winter sports, and has its home in Canada. The Canadians, however, came by it second-hand, for as a matter of fact it is an Indian institution. Like almost every instrument of sport we have, it had its origin in the exigencies of a country that required some unusual vehicle of conveyance in rigid winter.

The very first toboggans were, indeed, primitive affairs,

which the Indians made with the rude implements at hand. They were not constructed for sport primarily, but to transport that which otherwise they would have been obliged to carry on their backs, and the invention of necessity. Rude as it was, however, the Indian toboggan was found to be very nearly as speedy as the more modernly constructed affair, when the first slides became the most popular form of sport in Canada.

I suppose we shall never see such another carnival as were the first two or three given at Montreal. Like roller-skating in the United States a few years ago, the furor of tobogganing swept over Canada with irresistible force, carrying all before it, and when the idea of a winter carnival was first conceived, everybody lent a hand with a genuine sportsman's fervor. The toboggan slides at Montreal will certainly never be excelled, and must always remain famous. We have had some in this country that were longer, but I do not know of any that were so steep, and that so thoroughly carried out the Chinaman's "whiz—walkee-back-a milee" description of a toboggan slide.

What glorious days of sport those were in Montreal none who did not participate in them can conceive. There is nothing like it to-day, for although we have had many successful carnivals since then, there has been a business air in connection therewith that has in one way or another destroyed that certain something that puts all sportsmen in touch, and gives all revellers in the festivities the happy-go-lucky feeling that cares for no to-morrow.

I think St. Paul is the only city in the United States that has ever attempted such a carnival, and it must be said that the one or two efforts of that Western city were, although not equal to the best of those held in Montreal in the halcyon days, yet vastly superior to the average of them. St. Paul is particularly favored by its location for such a winter festival, and the inhabitants used it to the best possible advantage in their carnivals. It is much to be deplored that these could not be continued. The changeable climate of the United States has made holding winter carnivals precarious. Only in the extreme North may it be attempted with any confidence of success. Even the private toboggan slides that sprang into existence shortly after St. Paul's carnival have had a very uncertain existence. A few here and there have been able to give good sport throughout the winter season regularly, but the more general result has been that of long periods of disuse followed by a little desultory sport.

In some parts of New England there is to this day ample opportunity for tobogganing, and it is too bad that the advantages of nature are not utilized. No one, unless of a very timorous nature, who has ever ridden down a toboggan slide once, will fail to follow the sport at every possible opportunity. When one sits on a toboggan for the first time at the top of the slide and looks down the deep descent, there is perhaps a wishing of one's self elsewhere at the moment, but after the exhilarating trip, all fear has vanished, and the invariable inclination is to go back again to the top of that slide just as quickly as possible.

One must attend the winter carnival in Canada to appreciate its beauties. There is an exuberance in the very air that infuses every spectator with the hilarity of the hour. The carnival usually extends over a week, and the days are devoted to contests and exhibitions of the different kinds of sport indigenous to Canada. Of course the sight which first attracts all visitors is the ice palace. No one can possibly have any conception of the splendor of this immense castle, built of solid blocks of clear ice, until he has seen it. Fancy its transcendent glory, with the sun making a myriad prisms of its sides and roof, and then picture to yourself what a glorious sight it must be at night illuminated by thousands of electric lights, each shining like a diamond on the tiara of a queen!

The ice palace remains all week with its manifold beauties, and usually on the final night of the carnival it is stormed by hundreds of snow-shoers armed with Roman candles, who, in their blanket suits, make weird and picturesque figures under the sputtering and the brilliancy of the fireworks. Ice is put to other uses than building, and this year in Basilica Square are ice statues of Brebœuf, Champlain, and Laval. Not an hour throughout the entire week but has some entertainment. One day has its contests at curling, another its canoe-racing through the broken ice on the river, another its snow-shoe races over the hills, still another its fancy-dress skating masquerade, while tobogganing, skating, and hockey go on interminably throughout the week.

No more beautiful site for a winter carnival could possibly be had than Quebec. Picturesquely located and replete with historical interest, it is the most attractive spot in North America to the traveller of to-day. Quebec is always a charming place to visit, but it is seen at its best in the winter-time, when, with its streets piled high with snow and made lively by carnival revellers, its "carter" dashing hither and thither along its steep roadways, all combine to make a scene that the visitor will long remember.

## A PROPOSAL BY PROXY.

"THERE is one thing I never could quite understand about men," said Caddy Barlow one evening at the Eaters, as the cigars were passed around the table, "and that is their alleged bashfulness when it comes to the point of asking women to marry them. In fact I don't believe that any of that bashfulness really exists. It never bothered me any."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hawkins. "You? Why should it have troubled you? You are a bachelor."

"What of that?" asked Valentine. "I have known cases where bachelors proposed to girls."

"Indeed yes," put in Mr. Bouverie. "In fact I have fancied in Christian countries single men did all of it. It is only the Turk who asks a young woman to marry him while he is already a Benedict."

"Of course," said Jackson, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I've proposed to dozens of girls," said Barlow, vainglo-riously. "I don't think a month goes by that I don't do it, and I've never been nervous but once."

"When was that?" asked Mr. Bouverie, with a glance of astonishment at Caddy, who, as a seeker after matrimonial blessedness, appeared to him to be something extraordinary.

"About six weeks ago," said Caddy, calmly, after sipping his liqueur, "I proposed to a very lovely girl. She was rich, beautiful, and witty enough to kill a husband with laughter inside of six months. I placed my hand at her disposal, and, by Jove, much to my surprise, she seemed to take me seriously. I never underwent such a nervous strain in my life, and I think if she had kept me waiting for a refusal more than a week I should have gone mad."

"She refused you, then?" asked Valentine.

"Yes—but she didn't want to. As soon as I saw that she was beginning to approve of my proposition, I put off to my sister's house and begged her to call on the young woman and tell her that the whole family was much upset by my extravagance and tendency to gaming. I told her to paint my character in as dark colors as she could, so that my unhappy proposal would be scorned."

"How original!" said Mr. Bouverie.

"Yes, but mighty daagerous," observed Barlow. "Since that time I haven't proposed to any woman unless I was absolutely certain that she would box my ears and send me about my business."

"Your experience, my dear Caddy," said Valentine, "is really no criterion. You aren't a type—or, if you are, you are the only specimen of that type in the font. Just because you and bashfulness are not on intimate terms is no reason for supposing that there is no such thing as bashfulness. You don't know my friend Harkaway; but there is such a person, nevertheless."

"I'll take your word for it, Val," returned Caddy, pleasantly. "Though as far as I personally know about it there isn't any such person."

"Well, of course no argument is needed," said Valentine, "to prove that lovers are bashful—though why they should be so is a very hard problem to solve. Certainly if a man knows a woman well enough to marry her he ought to be able to put the question without any shuffling."

"I know of a case," said Jemmison, who was known to all present as one of the most promising of the rising generation of alleged poets—"I know of a case where a man loved a girl and didn't dare tell her so."

"Whose case was that?"

"Carraway's. He's the most bashful man you ever met."

"But he got married finally," said Barlow. "I went to the wedding and the reception afterwards. That reception was a gala occasion for me as far as proposals go. I proposed to all six of the bridemaids at once that night."

"Yes," said Jemmison, with a smile over the recollection, "I was present and heard you. You did it well; but as for Carraway, he never proposed to Mrs. Carraway."

"That's rather an extraordinary assertion, I think," said Valentine, a little gravely. "It isn't exactly fair to Mrs. Carraway; it seems to me to insinuate that it was she who did the proposing."

"It wasn't. She didn't propose, nor did he," explained Jemmison. "It was done by a syndicate."

"What?" cried Mr. Bouverie.

"A syndicate, I said," replied Jemmison.

"How excessively American!" gasped the Englishman. "The idea of having a syndicate to make love for you! It's bad enough the way you people in this country let corporations manage your private business affairs, but when you get down to putting the affairs of your heart into their hands, it strikes me you have reached the limit."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Bouverie," said Jemmison, with a chuckle. "It would indeed be beyond the limit, I think, to have a United States Love-making Company, Limited, the duties of which should consist of wooing and proposing to a woman in behalf of a bashful subscriber. It would require a great deal more soul than corporations are popularly supposed to possess to do the work properly, and I am afraid that if the plan ever became a general one, our nation would lapse into a nation of spinsters of both sexes. It was not a syndicate of the corporate kind, however, to which I referred. It was a syndicate of Carraway's most intimate friends that took the matter in hand for him and pushed it through to success. The way of it was this:

"One afternoon about six months before Carraway and Miss Ayres were married, I happened to be passing through Wall Street when I met Carraway. I hadn't seen him for several weeks, and so I stopped and spoke to him. He seemed glad enough to see me, but all the same I noticed that he was looking a trifle careworn and much preoccupied in manner. After a desultory chat with him for two or three minutes he told me that he had just come from Bob Peters's office. Peters, Mr. Bouverie, is one of our little band of jolly good fellows who—"

"He expected to be here to-night," interrupted Jackson, "but this little flurry on the street has been too much for him. He was long on Cordage."

"Poor calf!" sighed Valentine. "Too much rope—same result, I am afraid."

"Yes, but Peters stands a good deal of hanging. He's a regular cat for dying," said Jemmison; "and what I am going to tell you will show in a measure why—it will show you what a treasury of resource Peters is. As I said, Carraway told me that he had just come from Peters's office, and as I hadn't seen Peters for some time, I thought I'd drop in. So, saying good-by to Carraway, I dropped up to the seventh story of the Mills Building."

"That's a great kind of a drop," said Hawkins.

"Yes," said Jemmison, dryly. "That's the queer thing about Wall Street. You can drop either way, up or down. I found Peters working hard as usual over an invincible cigar, and in a moment I, too, was at work upon a similar cigar, after lighting which I said I had just seen Carraway, who had given me the hint which was responsible for my call.

"'Poor Carraway!' sighed Peters.

"'Why poor?' I asked. 'He has this world's goods in great plenty, and seems to me to lead a pleasant life.'

"'That's true,' said Peters. 'He's got cash enough, and horses enough, but he hasn't got spunk enough. If he hadn't had a rich father, the chances are he'd have made something of himself. As it is, he's never had to have spunk to get along with, and now when he does need a little he finds it's about the only thing in the world he hasn't got.'

"'Why does he need spunk?' I asked. 'You don't want him to go into some dead-sure speculation, such as extracting salt from the ocean and underselling the miners, do you?'

"'Not at all,' laughed Peters, 'though I am much obliged to you for the suggestion. There might be money in the salt; and as for the water, we Stock Exchange fellows have a remarkable penchant for that—that is, for stocks, not as a beverage. The spunk that Carraway needs is of the sort that keeps a great muscular man from quailing before the blue eyes of a weak little woman. Carraway's in love, and when he thinks of it, it gives him something very like heart-failure!'

"'Miss Ayres? Or has he got over that?' I asked, for I had heard several times from no less a person than Carraway himself that Alice Ayres was the only woman that had ever existed in the world, except Carraway's maternal ancestors, and even they, I judged, were at a slight disadvantage when compared to the present Mrs. Carraway.

"'Oh, it's Miss Ayres still, and must forever be,' said Peters. 'She is all he thinks of, and he has reason to believe that she recalls him two or three times a day, and yet he hasn't the courage to propose. He just told me that life would be a blank to him if he lost her, and yet the poor craven is afraid to try to win her. That is, as he puts it, every time he goes to see her, he can't for the life of him say what he wants to say, simply because he's afraid to do it. I told him it wasn't fair to Alice to hold off much longer, because there are plenty of other fellows who are willing to step in the moment he steps out, but won't step in while he's there for the simple reason that they think it is of no use. He acknowledged the truth of what I said, but professed to be utterly powerless to propose to her or stand out of the other fellows' way. He's going up there to-night, but it 'll be the same thing all over again. He'll talk about music and art and literature. He'll even have the courage to talk about the weather, but he'll never tell her that his heart beats madly every time he hears her name mentioned, or lay his horses and his books and his pictures, together with that same heart, at her feet, because he hasn't the spunk. Bah! It makes me mad.'

"'It's a pity some one couldn't do it for him,' said I.

"'Yes,' assented Peters. 'A great pity. He leaves so much to his man, he might get him to do it.'

"Just then the telephone bell rang, and Peters went to hear what the message was, and in a moment returned with the 'phone book in his hand. His face was fairly red with an idea that had just entered his extremely fertile brain.

"'I say, George,' he said, as he sat on the edge of the table at my side. 'I've got an idea, and it's a dandy. Old man Ayres has a telephone in his house. Let's ring them up and ask if Alice is at home.'

"'What good will that do?' I asked.

"'Why, if we can get her there—we can—we can pretend we're Carraway. Your voice is near enough like his to do the talking, and I'll tell you what to say, and we'll—we'll tell her we love her, and can't live without her, and all that, and when Carraway gets there to-night—!'

"Here Peters stopped talking to execute a not ungraceful fandango about his office. What would happen to Carraway when he arrived at the Ayreses' residence, if—as we thought she would—she accepted him, needed no other description. Of course I hesitated, but finally Peters overcame my scruples, and we rang up Thirty-eighth Street, No. 6097. In a few minutes we were in receipt of the pleasing news that Miss Ayres was at home. Would she come to the 'phone a moment? Yes, she would, and in a minute she did.

"'Well,' she asked, 'who is that?'

"'Jemmi—ahem. Carraway. George Carraway,' said I, so nervous myself that I doubted if Carraway himself could have outdone me.

"'I didn't hear,' was the reply.

"'I am George Carraway,' I repeated. 'I—er—I have something I want to say to you.'

"'I suppose you have,' she replied, with a merry laugh. 'I never thought any one called any one up on the telephone unless he had something he wished to say.'

"'Precisely,' said I, giving Peters a backward kick, he was so persistent in asking what she was saying now. 'But—er—what I wanted to say was something I was afraid I might not have a chance to say to-night when I call—you know you always have so many people around, and one never gets an opportunity; so—er—so I thought I'd ring you up and say what I—er—I wanted to say.'

"'What's that?' was the answer.

"'Oh Lord!' I murmured, softly. I couldn't think of repeating a remark like that again. So I simply plunged in. 'I wanted to ask you, Alice, if—if you wouldn't—if you wouldn't promote me. I'm tired of being a—er—a brother to you, and—and I'd like very much to be something else. Something nearer, dearer. In short, I—I wish you'd—you'd marry me.'

"'I never heard of such a thing!' came the indignant answer over the wire. '*Over the telephone!* Why, Mr. Carraway, I don't know what to say to such a proceeding.'

"'Say yes!' I answered.

"'I'll do nothing of the sort. I will say one thing, however. And that is, no. N—O, no!'

"And then I heard the click of the receiver as it was hastily hung up on the telephone at the other end of the wire, and I knew by that the interview was over.

"'Well?' said Peters, as I turned away. 'All O. K.?'

"'Not by a long shot,' I answered. 'She's rejected us.'

"'No!' cried Peters, his face the picture of dismay. 'I wish it had been. It isn't us—it's Carraway!'

"We gazed at each other in despair for a moment or two, and then grabbing our hats we rushed off to find Carraway and tell him what we had done. It was awful. I think I would rather have gone to jail than tell Carraway, but there was nothing else to be done. But our search for him was unavailing. We caught sight of him but once, and that was a few minutes after leaving his lodgings, whence his valet told us he had just departed. We rushed up to the street on which the Ayreses lived, in the hope of intercepting him. Imagine our horror on our arrival there to catch a glimpse of George's back as he entered the house!

"'Jee-roosalem!' said Peters, 'we're in for it. I've been through panic after panic on the street, but I never felt as I do now. We'll have to stick it out, though. George won't stay there long, I fancy, and we'd better be on hand when he comes out, confess, and send him back.'

"'That's the idea,' said I, wearily. So down we sat on the front steps of a house opposite and waited anxiously, expecting every minute to see poor Carraway rush madly out and start for the river. It was rather cold waiting, and we were surprised to find that Carraway didn't rush madly out. In fact, we began to get a little indignant with him because he didn't. As a matter of fact, we waited for him until eleven o'clock, when, thinking we had done all we could for the base ingrate, we went home.

"A day or two later, Peters and I met Carraway at the club. He eyed us rather curiously, we thought, but we never let on. Finally he said,

"'Well, boys, it's all right.'

"'What is?' asked Peters, innocent as a cherub.

"'I'm engaged to Miss Ayres,' said Carraway.

"'Hooray!' cried Peters, with what doubtless seemed to Carraway more warmth than the occasion really called for. 'You got up spunk enough to propose at last, did you?'

"'No, I didn't,' said Carraway, with a smile. 'But somebody else did—and it came near ruining me. It came out all right, though; and what I am anxious to find out now is, who am I to thank for helping me out?'

"'Well,' said Peters, 'I'm a good deal of a ferret, and I'll try to find out. When I hear who did it I'll let you know.'

"'Thanks,' said Carraway. 'And you too, Jemmison. Very much obliged.'

"'Not at all,' said we, and the episode was over."

"But see here," said Mr. Bouverie, as Jemmison finished, "I thought you said she said 'no'?"

"So she did," said Jemmison. "But that was to Peters and me."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ROSINA VOKES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

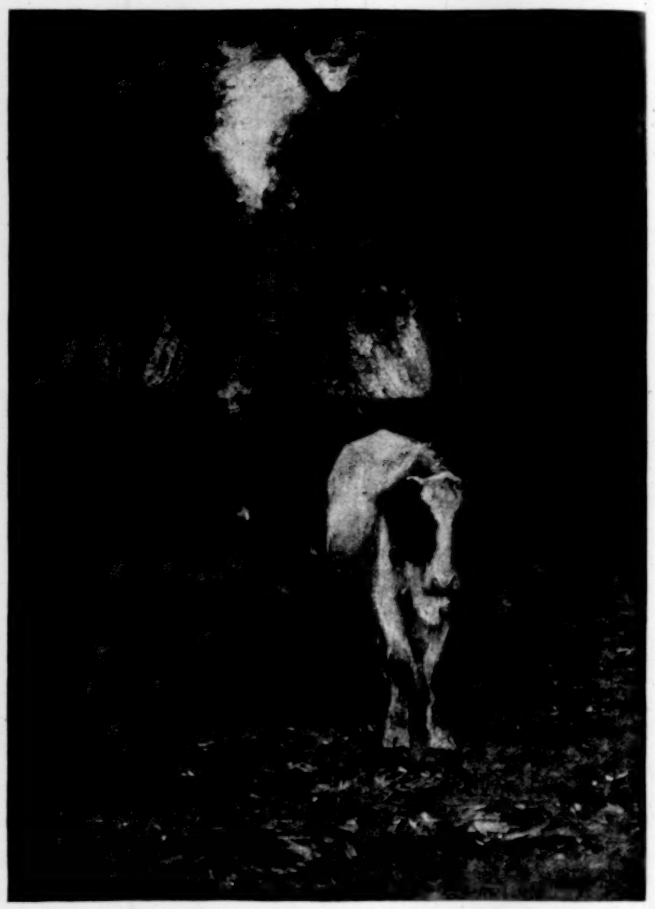
## AMERICAN WATER-COLORS.

ONE reason why water-color is a popular medium of artistic expression is that it nearly always invites the adoption of a bright vivacious key; and even when a painter uses it in a serious, subdued mood, it has charming elements of lightness and spontaneity. The tender pensive art of the Dutch, moving generally along lines of pathos and chastened sentiment, in the water-colors of the school is yet exceedingly elastic and free. In our own school the same flexibility is witnessed. The annual return of the American Water-color Society to the Academy of Design, where it transforms the galleries with an atmosphere of gayety and freshness, is fraught from year to year with a peculiarly pleasant significance. The exhibition opened by this organization last Monday embraces many good things. It illustrates, as an exhibition of the most representative society of its kind in New York should illustrate, very nearly all the tendencies of American painters in water-color, showing clearly the healthy eclecticism of the school.

It is its variety that makes this exhibition inspiriting. In the long list of over six hundred pictures it is possible to range from the poetic beauty of Mr. Murphy's landscape, "Under Gray Skies," which has justly been awarded the Evans prize, to sketches of contemporary life as sparkling, as innocent of imaginative point, as Mr. Metcalf's "Beatrix" and "Marguerite," or the elaborate composition by Mr. Sterner, which is reproduced in this number of the WEEKLY. If a balance is to be struck at all between the subjective side of the exhibition and its antithesis, as represented by the figure-painters just mentioned and by others like them, it will incline perhaps in favor of the latter. They certainly contribute a large proportion of what is aggressive on the walls through cleverness, nimbleness of touch, and vivid, decorative effect. Mr. Metcalf's pretty girls are irresistibly piquant in their trim costumes and winning air of fashionable perfection. Engaging, in a similar way, are the studies of ultra-modern feminine loveliness and dress by Mr. Wiles, Mr. Curran, Mr. Smedley, and Mr. Keller. One thing at least these artists prove. They know the daintiest types of the day, and they paint them with as much delicacy as wisdom. This is because the technique of the better water-colorists, those particularly who deal with the figure, is being strengthened every day in precision, ease, and finish.

Here and there are figure subjects which have been treated not only with manual ability, but with an amount of feeling and fancy to which it is also very gratifying to refer. Mr. Louis Loeb's "Young Woman with a Book," for example, a picture hung wisely on the line in the south gallery, is much more than a well-made portrait. The suave color, the deep rich tone, the exquisite modelling about the face and throat, are technical merits of a high order. Even more attractive is the sensitive expression in the woman's face, the vitality in her eyes. Mrs. Sears, too, in the "Study Head," which makes an appropriate companion for Mr. Loeb's picture on the wall of honor, is not alone accomplished as to her execution, but refined and thoughtful as to the underlying significance of her work. Of imagination wreaking itself upon more complicated conceptions than these there are some good examples in Mr. Barse's "Toilet of the Zephyr," Mr. Herter's "Enchantress" and "Flight of Cinderella," Mr. F. S. Church's "Jealousy," Miss Parrish's "Duet," Mr. Maynard's mermaid design, and Mr. Shirlaw's allegorical "Autumn." These are marked by reflective feeling as well as by executive capability. But there is, taking the exhibition as a whole, less work of this sort than there is of that kind of art which has been pointed out in Mr. Metcalf's pictures, and which may be still further indicated in Mr. Davis's original sketches of children, Mr. Guerin's study of plantation life, the pictures of Dutch peasants by Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Blum's fascinating Japanese designs. Mr. Blum and Mr. Edwards carry off the honors of the exhibition in respect to the utilization of picturesque foreign motives. The latter handles the broad details of costume and architecture in Holland with notable tact, and Mr. Blum, in the group of water-colors hanging in the east gallery, presents some of his most artistic impressions of the East. He is a remarkable interpreter of Japanese life. His method is facile and decorative to a degree, and it preserves with the utmost sympathy the warm color and the quaintness of the scenes which he has attempted to depict. There are no more interesting pictures at the Academy than these five or six gems of observation and taste.

The landscape by Mr. J. F. Murphy, which was chosen as most worthy of the Evans prize of $500, a painting of subtle and individualized character, has some worthy associates in its province. Mr. Ochtman's winter scene in the east gallery, "In the Hills of Connecticut," is a beautiful landscape; so also is the "Morning" of Mr. Horatio Walker; and there are paintings by Mr. Minor, Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Curran, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Ranger, and Mr. Eaton which contain abundant evidence of insight into nature, and trained skill in the rendering of her secrets upon paper. Something more definite in praise of each one of these pictures and of others might be said, but the object of these remarks is to specify no more than the leading features of a large and thoroughly meritorious exhibition. Those of a minor character may safely be left to the taste of the visitor.



"MORNING."—HORATIO WALKER.—RALPH H. PLUMB, OWNER.

## ROSINA VOKES.

MAY it not be said with truth that the death of Rosina Vokes has "eclipsed the gayety of nations"? On both sides of the Atlantic her bubbling laugh has for years provoked an echo in the hearts of her hearers, and it seems hard to believe that we shall never hear it again.

My earliest theatrical remembrance is of the pantomime *Humpty Dumpty*, at the Lyceum Theatre (Irving's Lyceum—think of it!) in 1868, when Rosina Vokes made, together with her brothers and sisters, her London début.

And yet it was not her début, for so far back as 1854, being then but six months old, she had been carried on to the stage of the Surrey Theatre as the baby in *Mr. and Mrs. Peter White*. I sometimes think that the actor, like the poet, is born, not made. So many of the best are born in the purple. Porphyrogenita Rosina Vokes certainly was. Her father was a maker of uniforms in Covent Garden who occasionally did a little theatrical costuming; this brought him into contact with Creswick the tragedian, who was at that time manager of the Surrey Theatre. The Vokes children were allowed the privilege of playing about behind the scenes. So that from the time when their memory ran not to the contrary they were familiar with the boards.

They had an aunt, a Mrs. Field, a music-teacher, who taught them singing and dancing, and in due time procured them an engagement to play in pantomime at Plymouth. Rosina at this time was barely six.

Their success was immediate, and as "the Vokes Children" they soon became provincial favorites; as the elders grew up this was changed to "the Vokes Family," a name familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

On Boxing night, December 26, 1868, they appeared together for the first time in London, and thereafter for many years *the* pantomime of the season was that wherein "the Vokes" played. I shall never forget what adorable twins in the *Babes in the Wood* Victoria and Rosina Vokes made, especially Rosina. Her mischief was so spontaneous, and her delight in it so catching, and then—and always—her laugh! The pantomime only ran, alas! from Christmas until Lent; and during the rest of the year "the Vokes Family" toured in the provinces, producing one after another those famous and diverting farces, *The Belles of the Kitchen*, *Fun in a Fog*, *The Right Man in the Wrong Place*, etc., in which they made so great a success when they first appeared, April 15, 1872, at the Union Square Theatre in this city.

The indefatigable Mrs. Field wrote the first of these, *The Belles of the Kitchen*, of which Rosina was the life and soul, and the others were cooked up among the merry family, who often turned the adventures or mishaps of their vagabond life to account in them.

On May 10, 1877, Rosina Vokes was married to Cecil Clay, a London barrister, and retired from the stage, though she occasionally appeared as an amateur. But financial troubles befell the Clays, and she turned again to her profession.

In 1885 she returned to this country at the head of her own company, and brought with her a new form of entertainment—the now popular "triple bill." With her clever companions she made an instantaneous hit, and the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, *My Milliner's Bill*, *The Rough Diamond*, *The Circus Rider*, are too familiar to every play-goer to need more than mention. Season after season, before ever larger audiences, she sang and danced with—it is sad to think—ever-increasing pain and difficulty.

In spite of the persuasion of her husband and doctors, she returned at the beginning of the present season to keep her engagements with the managers and her company. "If I can stand, I'll act," she said; and this indomitable pluck carried her through. The worst came in California; and she may be said to have killed herself in her endeavor to carry her company back to New York. Playing in only one piece an evening, she struggled on as far as Washington, where, on December 9, 1893, she stood for the last time on the boards which had been her play-ground as a toddling child.

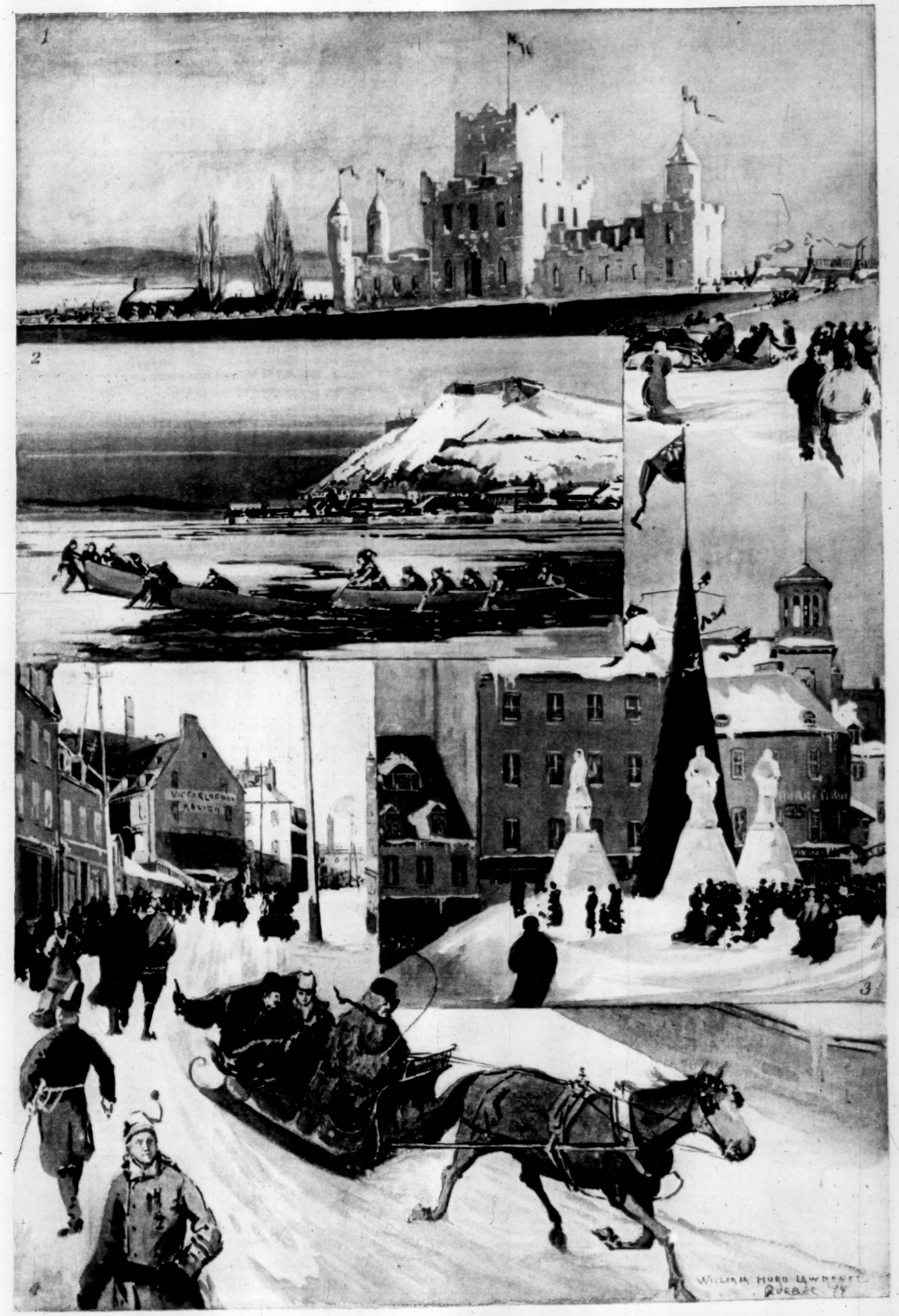
They brought her to New York, and carried her home to England to her children, for whom she had worked so bravely, and there, on Saturday, January 27th, she died.

She was all kind-heartedness and unselfishness. The story of that last terrible season is the story of her life. They say that in the last few years she has given $32,000 to professional charities, and she died poor. Her epitaph might well be written as she sang so often:

"No matter what you do,
If your 'art be only true,
And 'er 'art was true."

EDW. HAMILTON BELL.

"IN THE HILLS OF CONNECTICUT."—LEONARD OCHTMAN.




THE QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL.—Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.—[See Page 126.]

1. Ice Palace, from Parliament Building. 2. Canoe-racing through the Ice on the St. Lawrence. 3. Ice Statues of Brebœuf, Champlain, and Laval, Basilica Square. 4. Mountain Hill, Quebec.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

In the January HARPER'S Mr. Du Maurier confesses that there are things in his story of "Trilby" that may bring blushes to the cheek of a young person, and he grieves that after all these years, and with the most solemn purpose not to do it, he should have come at last to that sort of literary offending. One is bound to sympathize with him if he insists upon it, but "Trilby" with its blushes all in it is so preferable to no "Trilby" that one's sympathy for its author fades easily into mere gratitude. For adults, and particularly for adults who were brought up on Thackeray, "Trilby" is very delightful reading. Its people are almost as pleasant to know and to be with as Pendennis and Philip and Clive Newcome, and their various bohemian associates and companions. Indeed, "Trilby" seems to be Mr. Du Maurier's *Pendennis*, and is as well adapted, one would think, to precipitate the purposes of young men with artistic propensities as Thackeray's tale has been to drive scribbling lads into the pursuit of literature. To one reader, at least, the story has a curious air of being a survival—a story that must have been in the author's mind more than one decade before he found time to write it down. No doubt it is such a survival, and would have been communicated long ago if story-telling and not picture-making had been its author's vocation. It makes one hope that now that Mr. Du Maurier has fairly taken up literature as his avocation he will keep piously at it until his accumulations of narratable experience are cleared out.

A new argument in favor of incineration appears in the recent discovery that the cranium of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, has such peculiarities as to warrant scientists in forming the lowest opinions of his moral character. Some three hundred and fifty years ago Pizarro was assassinated in Lima, and buried in the cathedral there. Reports made to the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington say that his remains, when lately disinterred, were found to be mummified, and were identified as his by unmistakable marks. Sad to say, his skull reveals to modern science all the craniological signs and tokens of a bad man. One bump proclaims him murderer; another, thief; a ridge verifies all the stories of Las Casas of his cruelties to Indians; a hollow shows where his bump of philanthropy fell in. His skull has even the notorious "fossa of Lombroso," "which," says Mr. Rene Bache, "modern criminologists have never discovered except in confirmed and habitual enemies of society." History has dwelt more upon Pizarro's energy than his benevolence, and has never pictured him as a bland gentleman who went about doing good. But not even Las Casas makes him out such a malefactor as his surviving skull does. The incident, interesting in itself, illustrates the futility of the old saw that dead men tell no tales. Obviously if a man values his posthumous fame he should find out about his craniological development during life, and if the testimony of his skull is damaging, he should provide for having it planed down by a sure hand after death. Surer still, and easier, is incineration, which once for all pulverizes all osteological evidence beyond the possibility of restoration.

It is consoling to find it proclaimed by a writer in a London newspaper that the science of heredity as made manifest in the novels of Zola abounds in opinions and deductions that will not wash. It is bad enough that there should be people who grovel in filth, but that a certain proportion of all people who are born must grovel in filth because they were born irrevocably to that doom is an intolerable theory, and not a bit more attractive in the hands of Zola than in those of Jonathan Edwards. Theories of that sort are liable to prove true to those who accept them, but are usually vulnerable enough to those who fight them. Certainly it is a poor ladder that doesn't lead both ways, and a science that points out the steps by which a family may descend would be sadly incomplete if by the same motion it did not indicate those by which it may climb up again.

It appears that the educational question at New Haven is complicated by the costs of the terpsichorean festivity known as the Junior Promenade. It is averred by informants who claim to be authorities that the promenade is really a dance, which travels under an assumed name out of deference partly to congregational scruples and partly to the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Now a dance without girls does not pass for a dance in any school or college except the one at West Point. They have girls at the Yale promenades, and the custom has been for the young Eli's to invite maidens and their chaperons from remote cities and entertain them at the local hotel, engaging rooms for them for days beforehand at fabulous cost. The upshot of it all is, briefly, that it seems as if it would be impossible for Yale undergraduates to continue to support the Junior Promenade and the university at the same time, unless the costs of one or the other can be reduced. The university authorities insist that term-bills shall continue as at present, and that the promenade shall stand all the pinching. The undergraduates contrast their stand in the matter with that recently taken at Harvard, where, they assert, notice to quit was served on two veteran professors and four instructors in order to save money to meet the debt incurred by the university in sending an exhibit to the Chicago Fair and in providing leathern clothing for its football team. Young Yale feels that there are some things more necessary to colleges than mere pedagogical instruction, and that if the trustees really care for the undergraduate they will provide for the promenade out of the college funds, even if one or two professors have to go.

If there was any aspect of the newspaper business that was slighted by Editor John Addison Porter, of the Hartford *Post*, in his recent lecture on "The Modern Newspaper," it was that which includes its redeeming features. Editor Porter made it out a sad trade, which no man should undertake unless he was formally devoted to poverty and good works. It is underpaid, he said, and overworked. It is freighted down with responsibilities, hurried, harried, and beset with solemnizing incidents—a trade to which men may expect to devote their eyesight, their nervous systems, and their digestions without receiving any fair financial return. The marvel is that any one should consent to work at the newspaper trade, unless there was absolutely no chance at any other. Yet young fellows of promise and fair prospects do now and then get jobs on newspapers, not wholly from necessity, but partly at least from choice. They even start in as reporters, and toil terribly, when they might be learning about dry-goods, or computing interest in banks, or acquiring habits of repose in lawyers' offices. One reason why is that reporters earn more at the start than most other beginners; another reason is that newspapers have power, and share it even with their humblest helpers, and power has its attractions. And of course life in and out of a newspaper office is more interesting than life in a bank, a dry-goods store, or a lawyer's office, and that is a consideration of large importance, especially at the start, though to most men, as the years accumulate upon them, the attractions of a trade that provides an adequate support become more and more superior to the charms of one in which the remuneration consists largely in the fun of working.

Editor Porter quotes and endorses the maxim "Once an editor always an editor," and enlarges upon the fascination that keeps the newspaper man true to his doom. Yet there have been cases where clever reporters and editors have worked up and out into something else. It is not very uncommon for reporters or sub-editors to be promoted down stairs and to become publishers. The advertising business, too, is sometimes successfully cultivated by ex-writers, and the case is recorded of a city editor who was able to transfer his energies to the business of raising garden truck. Of course, though, he ruined his health first, and took to agriculture partly to regain it.

One of the emoluments of the avocation of being a founder is to have one's birthday kept by the institution founded. Founder's day is the great festival of the year in a good many American schools and colleges, and is a pleasant sort of day for all participants, especially for the founder if he is able to be present. Indeed, it is worth while for any one who intends to be a founder to do his founding as young as possible, that he may have the fun of being present at more Founder's-day celebrations. If early founding is not practicable, the next best thing is to cultivate length of days, as has been done with marked success by Mr. Henry W. Sage, who founded the Sage College for women in connection with Cornell University at Ithaca. On the last day of January Mr. Sage was eighty years old. Besides founding the college that bears his name, he has been a persistent and very generous benefactor of Cornell University, and has been an influential member of its board of trustees ever since it began. The special feature of the celebration of his birthday this year was the gift to him of a silver cup by his fellow-trustees, whose sentiments toward him were further expressed in words by General Stewart L. Woodford.

Mr. Sage is an example to all founders and benefactors, in that his interest in the institutions to which he has devoted himself seems to grow as they do, as the years increase. It should be a special satisfaction to him to reflect that, thanks to the effectual provision that he has made, the question of "female education" can never rise up to vex Cornell as it is vexing Harvard.

E. S. MARTIN.

## A LATER WORD ABOUT MISS WOOLSON.

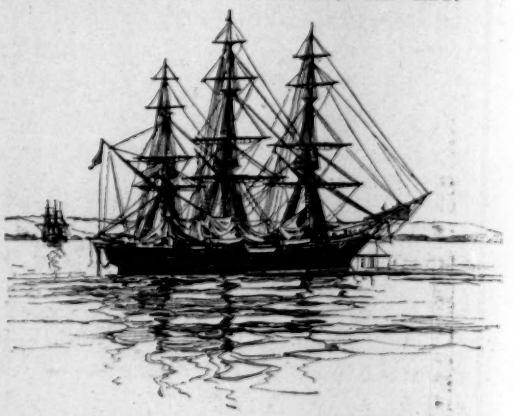
THE article upon Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson in our last issue went to press before any intelligence had been received as to the circumstances attending her death. Her cousin, Miss Grace Carter, who was with her at the time, has since telegraphed to her relatives here that her death was the result of an accident, during delirium caused by a severe and prolonged attack of influenza. During a brief absence of her nurse she arose, and wandering about in bewilderment, fell from a window of her room, and died almost immediately, never regaining consciousness.

From near relatives who have been in constant communication with her we learn that this was a second attack of influenza, the first having occurred before she left England, and that she never fully recovered from the effects of the earlier illness. It is the united testimony of those who are thoroughly well informed as to her last sojourn in Venice that she continued to suffer from the physical depression following the first attack of the disease, and that to this cause solely must be attributed the expressions of discouragement and despondency in letters to her friends, quoted in our article of last week. Such expressions do not convey a fair idea of even the last months of her life, which were characterized in the main by a happy and hopeful mood, though she was sometimes temporarily overcome by the purely physical debilitation. Miss Woolson's letters have all that strength of expression which is so impressive in her stories, and isolated passages from those written in moments of despondency might easily mislead the reader as to the general tenor of her life. She was always resolute, accustomed to vigorous exercise in all weathers, and there were no external circumstances in her life to induce discontent or unhappiness, nor any that could hamper the brilliant career which she chose for herself. No one had more devoted relatives than she, or more loving and constant friends.

Miss Woolson had the temperament of genius, and with its buoyancy and exaltation she had also its profound depression, its violent reactions. Where she should be, whether in Europe or America, in the society of kindred and friends for enjoyment or in solitude for her work, it was hers to choose. Her inner life, partially expressed in her stories and poems, had deep currents not determined by choice; their ebb and flow registered themselves upon the surface, and were reflected in her individual temperament, but were not explicable by any outward circumstance. She passionately espoused her art, following eagerly and unfalteringly the path of her individual destiny, achieving success. She was urged by no material necessity, and had leisure for full patience in her work. The world's response was frank and unstinted in appreciation. Her outward life lacked nothing essential to her chosen career, and had in it nothing which could detract from its satisfaction or limit its fruition. Womanliness was in no way surrendered to the literary career. Indeed, Miss Woolson in her private life would never have been taken for a literary woman. Her tastes were domestic, and they were in a large measure gratified. She made long sojourns in the countries she visited, having with her most of the time her only sister, Mrs. Clara Woolson Benedict, and her beloved niece, Clara, Mrs. Benedict's daughter, who made home for her; and all her surroundings were those of the home-loving woman. This domestic atmosphere pervaded her novels, in which her principal characters were women leading homely lives, and which appealed especially to women. She had always in prospect the establishment of a permanent home for herself, her sister, and niece in her own land—in Florida, Cooperstown, or Mackinaw. The expression of a feeling of homelessness quoted in our last week's article was but the momentary reaction, after a long period of work in the self-chosen solitude so necessary to the absorbing activity she gave to her writing.

Miss Woolson was buried on the last day of January, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, in accordance with her wish. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, and among those present were the American Minister, Mr. Potter, and his wife, Colonel John Hay, and a number of friends from Florence and London.

## THE NAVAL INCIDENT AT RIO.



THE INSURGENT SHIP "GUANABARA."

SINCE the somewhat burlesque war began in Brazil between the navy on one side and the army and civil authorities on the other, we have received from the correspondents at Rio Janeiro, with the modifications of the Brazilian censor of press despatches, tales so marvellous that the making of them would have strained the robust imagination of a three-volume novelist. But now and then, with the aid of official despatches, we get real glimpses of the bay and beleaguered city. We know nothing of the merits of the quarrel, and it is doubtful whether anybody else in the wide world knows any more. These Spanish-Americans are conspirators by nature, and when not in a fight with their neighbors are pretty sure to be engaged in civil war. The rebel navy has attempted to maintain a blockade of the city of Rio Janeiro, and in this way to cut off supplies, so that the army and the authorities in the Brazilian capital would be starved into capitulation or the making of satisfactory terms. It has been impossible to do this, because no foreign power has yet acknowledged the belligerent rights of the insurgents under the command of Admirals Mello and Da Gama. Any effort made by these admirals or their ships against a foreign merchant vessel to enforce this merely theoretical blockade would have been regarded as an act of piracy, and punished by the war-vessels in the harbor observing the contest, and on the outlook to protect the interests of the various governments to which they belong.

In this rebellion the insurgents have been treated with a very tender consideration by the officers of the American fleet in the bay of Rio, and as likely as not Admiral Da Gama had an idea that he could take liberties with American merchant vessels, and thereby establish a precedent that would be of value to him in dealing with the ships of other countries. Indeed, the insurgents, before Admiral Benham assumed command of the American squadron, did take many minor liberties with American shipping interests, and these have hitherto been resented by nothing more forcible than a protest. Two American ships, the *Good News* and *Julia Rollins*, both engaged in the coffee trade, were lying off Rio during the last few days of the week that ended on the 27th of January. These ships wished to go to a certain pier to discharge their cargoes and take in other freight. The skippers were told by the rebel Admiral Da Gama that he would not permit this, and that if the American merchant-men went to the particular pier they would do so at their peril. Admiral Benham, commanding the South Atlantic Squadron of the United States navy, was informed of this. From his flagship, the *New York*, the American Admiral signalled that the two merchant-men must be permitted to go wherever they chose, and if the insurgents interposed any objections he would compel with force acquiescence in this determination. He further notified the insurgents that he would escort the *Good News* and the *Julia Rollins* to their wharf at daylight Monday morning, January 29th. He accordingly cleared his ships for action, and sent the *Detroit*, Commander W. H. Brownson, to act as escort for the two ships. From the insurgent fleet Admiral Da Gama sent the *Guanabara* and the *Trajano*, with two heavy tugs, to intercept the *Detroit* and the two merchant-men.

Here is Admiral Benham's official report of what happened Monday morning:

"After the *Detroit* took position, boat from one vessel running line preparatory to haul in was fired upon with muskets from insurgent ship. *Detroit* returned fire with 1-pounder, shot striking under her bow. Insurgents fired broadside gun leeward. Later insurgents fired broadside gun over American merchant vessel. *Detroit* returned fire with musket, striking insurgent stern-post. Passing by insurgent, he hailed, saying, 'If you fire again I will return your fire, and if necessary will sink you.' *Detroit* anchored to command both vessels, one merchant vessel having been carried to new position near wharf, and tug having offered services gratuitously to discharge cargo. Insurgent leader was notified these vessels would discharge from the present position, but that my determination was not changed—to give American merchant vessels full protection to the wharf if they desire to go."

Admiral Benham is not the right kind of a man to take a part in any theatrical warfare. He has seen too much of the real thing to care for the sham. He is a man of great determination, ability, and experience. In action he is cool, though impetuous in attack, and burlesque insurgent admirals are apt to find that he will not stand joking. This is probably his last command, as he will retire when he reaches the age of sixty-two, which is now not far off. Besides the American war-ships in the harbor of Rio, there are something like a dozen other foreign men-of-war, belonging to England, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy. The commanders of these ships are said to have observed the incident just related with much interest. The French commanding officer sent his congratulations to the American admiral, and the Austrian vessel cleared her decks for action, her commander evidently feeling that if anything serious was about to happen it would be wise to be ready to take a hand.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE

FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY AL

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IE BALL.

BY ALBERT E. STERNER.—[SEE PAGE 128.]

## BISMARCK AND THE KAISER.

THE reconciliation of the German Emperor and Bismarck is the most important event that has happened in Europe for many months. For Germany it is the most important since the conclusion of the triple alliance, while to the world it is an episode of historic and dramatic interest. It is so long since the formal meeting between a sovereign and a subject who had been estranged meant much for the crown and for international relations that one hesitates to try to recall the latest instance.

Bismarck's position in Germany since he resigned the Chancellorship has suggested the times when the barons contended with the monarchs on even terms, and when the issue between the king and feudalism hung in the balance. The old Chancellor has been the most powerful private citizen in the world since he left Berlin and went into retirement at Friedrichsruh in March, 1890.

His resignation is so recent that it is necessary to recall only the leading features of the few days when the differences between the Emperor and the Chancellor culminated in a hot quarrel, whose mutterings have been heard and whose effects have been felt for the last four years. Bismarck had long been the foremost figure in Continental Europe. For a time he was the most important figure in the world. When the German Empire was born, he more than any other man was acknowledged to be its author. As a statesman and diplomat he has had few peers in the latter half of this century. The great service that he rendered Germany during the reign of the present Emperor's grandfather won for him the reverence and love of his fellow-countrymen. In the old Emperor's day Bismarck was the master. William I., in character and abilities, was the first monarch of Europe, but his Chancellor towered above him, and the personal affection between the two was such as only the Teutonic nature is capable of.

When the young William succeeded his father, the unfortunate Frederick, a change in Bismarck's position was at once perceptible. The second William came to the throne to reign. He entertained exaggerated, even mediæval, notions about the importance of the German Emperor. He was the "war lord." The traditions of the days of armored knights and of vassalage were in his mind. Naturally he resented the greatness of the man who stood nearest his throne. He determined that no subject should cast a shadow over his own omnipotence. He was less than thirty years old, and he carried out his views and purposes with the hot thoughtlessness of youth. He made the Chancellor understand that he was no longer to be *primus inter pares*, but simply on the same footing with the other members of the cabinet. The law stood in the Emperor's way, but if he was aware of it he was indifferent to statutes that opposed his will. The law provided that the other ministers should make their reports through the Chancellor, but William decreed that they should report directly to him. Bismarck interfered, and insisted that the law should be obeyed, or changed by the legislative body. The Emperor also complained that Bismarck did not concur in his proposed measures for the relief of working-men. The two drifted further and further apart, until at last Bismarck told the Emperor that it was evident to him that his services were no longer wanted, and the Emperor eagerly agreed. It was with great reluctance that Bismarck gave up his power. It is said that he even appealed to the Empress Frederick, who was supposed to be his bitter enemy. Nothing availed, however, to change the young Emperor's will. He was bound to rule without Bismarck, and apparently he gladly permitted the Chancellor to quit Berlin, not only without regret, but with positive pleasure.

Bismarck retired to his house at Friedrichsruh. There he has dwelt ever since, the quarrel between himself and the Kaiser growing in bitterness. There he was the centre of a court of his own. Journalists from Europe and America visited him, and he talked freely to them of the mistakes which the Emperor was making. He spoke slightingly, disrespectfully, sometimes insultingly, of the "young man," as he delighted to call him. Deputations of citizens from various parts of the empire paid homage to him, and he made speeches to them filled with regrets at the course which German affairs were taking. He publicly expressed his disapproval of the Emperor's attitude towards Russia. He did not conceal his hostility to Caprivi, his successor. He was against the policy that was keeping all Europe stirred up by anticipations of war. He advised the various states of the empire to hold fast to their rights, telling the Bavarians, for example, that the empire depended upon the loyal union of independent and self-respecting states, while William was insisting that the Emperor was both the central and the all-pervasive person in Germany.

There were threats of suppression heard from the palace, but Bismarck did not heed them. He continued to receive the deputations, and to talk to Europe through the journalists. He threatened the Kaiser with memoirs. There were hints that letters were in Bismarck's possession whose publication would reveal the fact that William had so little affection for his dead father, whom the Germans loved, that his correspondence betrayed anxiety to succeed him. Boxes of papers were sent from Friedrichsruh to England, as if Bismarck feared for their safety so long as they remained in William's domain. The old man, stripped of office, and the object of the Kaiser's dislike and enmity, which extended to those who dared to have friendly or political relations with the ex-Chancellor, was the centre of all the discontent and disloyalty of the empire, without sympathizing with a tithe of the agitators, being, indeed, the aggressive and outspoken opponent of much that threatened the Kaiser. William seemed to be incapable of tendering reconciliation until last autumn. He had gone so far in his anger that when Count Herbert, Bismarck's son, who had been dismissed from the diplomatic service, or at least from active employment in it, was married in 1892, at Vienna, to Countess Hoyas, the Emperor notified the Austrian government that any official recognition of Bismarck would displease him. At about the same time he issued a warning through his official organs that any one who was dissatisfied with his government might quit the empire. This was known to be aimed at Bismarck.

Bismarck, however, remained and grumbled, defying the government, and perhaps scolding too much for his own reputation. Then he was taken seriously ill at Kissingen last fall, and the Emperor was appealed to by his grandmother, Queen Victoria, by his mother, the Empress Frederick, by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, and other friends, not to permit Bismarck to die with the quarrel unreconciled. It was shown him that his government would never have the affections of his united people if he did not make his peace with his powerful enemy. So a kind message of condolence was sent to Kissingen from the field of the Austrian manœuvres, and this was followed by an invitation to the Prince to make a visit to the Emperor at Berlin. The visit was made on the 26th of January, and the reconciliation and the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the Prussian army, happily came together. It was a holiday in Berlin. The people gave the old Chancellor such a welcome as few potentates have ever received. Bismarck lunched with the Emperor and Empress, received the entertainment and honors usually bestowed upon the heads of foreign powers, and departed in the evening for his home. It was a great episode for Germany and William, and a fitting one in the closing years of the great Chancellor's stormy and successful life.

## PRESCIENCE.

ALONG the new wind-drifted snow,
Carven in dome and minaret,
And arabesque in beauty, glow
Rich tones of blue and violet.

And then an olive jewel burns
And sparkles in the liquid light,
And suddenly to turquoise turns
Upon the chill unbroken white.

Here is a crystal flaming green,
Wind-polished as its light it throws,
And bright amid the lively sheen
Flash beryl, chrysoprase, and rose.

Within my musing dream these glints
That gem my snowy gardenway
With colors fine are subtle hints
Of balmy blooms to come—and May.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## THE POULTRY SHOW.

THE annual Poultry Show, which will begin in Madison Square Garden February 8th, is always the noisiest of the big shows which periodically New-Yorkers have come to demand for their entertainment. The desire for shows of what might be called a colossal character to make a holiday for the people has broadened from year to year, and has seized upon available material of almost every kind. It was the demand of the people that made and still makes enthusiastic use of the college boy in his Thanksgiving-day football game for the enjoyment of a great popular holiday. The horse was next called upon to furnish entertainment on a large scale to the masses and to the classes, and the people no more tire of that annual show than they do of the college boys' magnificent rivalry. Then came the Dog Show, the Poultry Show, the Food Show, and more recently—for New York must have variety—the Bicycle Show. It is because each of these shows has peculiarities strikingly spectacular that each serves to bring out that greatest show of all—the people; and for that reason each show is decidedly more than an exhibition of college boys' pluck, or the development of horses, dogs, and fowls, or the variety of bicycle manufacture.

Because the Poultry Show is the noisiest of these shows, it does not follow that it is the least attractive. It has elements that none of the others possesses. There is a rare variety of form, color, and dress to be seen there that no other show presents, and as one wanders from aisle to aisle his interest in the feathered creation that is to be found almost at his door is likely to increase to enthusiasm. One may forgive, and even forget, the noise of the cocks as they challenge, exult over, reply scornfully to other cocks in neighboring aisles with crowing that is sometimes amusing, almost always is interesting, and constantly is half deafening. Those roosters have had to crow at each other across acres and acres of land until they got to this show, and one feels that he must pardon them for taking full advantage of the opportunity when they are all crowded together in one big building. The rooster who wouldn't crow on such an occasion would be a disgrace to his kind, and would deserve to have his vocal chords removed.

The show this year promises to be even larger in its scope and variety than that of last year, and it is worthy of note that society is taking it up more and more each year. And why not? What variety is more attractive than that which some of these fowls display? Consider some of their attractions. Here is a department of what are called "ornamental fowls." Among them one sees those splendid European and Asiatic pheasants, gorgeously plumed, and used especially abroad in stocking hunting preserves. Americans are beginning to use them already for the same purpose. No wonder milady likes to look at them alive and where she can see them easily. But there are ornamental fowls that are attractive aside from beautiful form, plumage, or amiable vanity. Take the Mandarin drake in another cage. He is the most extravagantly feathered of all ducks, but there is romance in his life. He is a bird of one mate. So true are these Mandarin mates that one will often die of grief if the other is taken away. Could any fowl be more interesting than that?

Then there is the collection of game-cocks, some of the birds being worth $500 each. Here is muscular development equal to a prize-fighter's in character. Some of the game variety are trained simply for their looks. They have long stilts for legs, but their feathers are as hard and close and their muscles as highly developed as those that fight.

Then there are the English Buff Cochins that last year were the sensation of the show; the proud roosters, the motherly hens. In a cage these fowls make an impression such as no others make. Here, too, are Minorcas, the wonderful layers; the Dorkings, the choicest morsel for the table, which have a fifth claw, and for which the English invariably look in buying fowl for eating; the Brahmas, Langshans, Wyandottes, Javas, Andalusians, and what not in the chicken line.

Who does not like to see bantam fowls? Here is a trainer making one stand straight to "show station" by coaxing him to stretch up his neck for food, while with a light stick he presses the bird downward behind. Then there are Japanese bantams with legs scarce an inch long, and with tremendous tails. Tokio has an annual exhibition of these birds alone. In another cage are the Pekin bantams, pygmy Buff Cochins really, and especially interesting because they were stolen originally by the French soldiers in the Franco-Chinese war from the imperial palace yards when they were sacked. A dozen other kinds of bantams are also to be seen.

Of pigeons, too, there will be a great variety. The Fantails have tails, some of them, as big as dinner plates; the Jacobins have hoods that are solemn and graceful, some of the birds being worth $100 each; the Russian Trumpeters sound their deep notes and strut about with feathers on their feet as long as a man's hand; the African owl looks wise with its round head and the frill of feathers on its breast; the Blondinette also has a frill and a wonderful lacing pattern on its wings; the Tumblers, some requiring a great distance for their feats, and others only a foot or two of space, will be plentiful; the Pouters, of which Scotch tradesmen are especially fond and whose vanity they admire—all these may be seen. Then there are many varieties of geese, ducks, besides guinea-pigs, rabbits, incubators, collections of eggs, and other objects of interest.

These are a few of the attractions of this interesting show, but probably the greatest attraction, as was intimated in the first part of this article, will be the New-Yorkers and their visitors who will be present. The show will last four days, excluding Sunday. It is said that some of the fowls on exhibition get very little sleep, because some rooster is sure to think it is morning every fifteen minutes in the night, and is bound to start up a hullabaloo. If it were not for this perhaps the show would be longer.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

## A STATESMAN IN THE SENATE.

REAL statesmanship is so rare in the Senate nowadays that any exhibition of it calls for public notice, and the country is excusable for congratulating itself on such an occasion that there remains one man in that body who thinks more of his country than of his party. Of the Senators on the Republican side of the chamber, Mr. John Sherman is the man who most frequently comes up to what ought to be the Senatorial ideal. This is especially true when the finances and credit of the government are in danger, or are assailed by the ignorant or the vicious. The other day he gave a signal proof of his concern for the good name of the country in a vigorous speech defending Mr. Carlisle's interpretation of the law of 1875, as giving him power to issue bonds for the replenishment of the exhausted Treasury.

It will be recalled by those who watched the struggle in the Senate for repeal of the miscalled Sherman act that Mr. Sherman rendered then a great public service against the wishes and the purposes of some narrow partisans on his side. More than any man in the Senate he is entitled to the honors of the passage of the bill. While he was as responsible as any one of the half-dozen conferrees who made the compromise of 1890, which brought so many financial troubles on the country, he was not solely responsible for it, and in giving it his name those who christened the blunder did him a grave injustice. He bore the wrong patiently, however, after protesting against it, and he was the first among those who had voted for it to announce his anxiety to vote for its repeal. During the debate on the repeal bill Mr. Sherman wanted one compromise that he could not obtain. He wanted coupled with the repeal of the purchasing clause of the law of 1890 a grant of power to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds bearing a low rate of interest, and having a short time to run. He favored the issue of bonds of small denominations, thinking that they would offer a safe investment for the people—securities which they might purchase with their savings. In a speech advocating this plan he taunted the Democrats with incapacity to meet the demands of the situation. It is true that he announced in an interview that was widely published that the Democrats would not be able to pass the unconditional repeal bill, but his own compromise being rejected, or never seriously entertained by the majority party, it was he who drove the Senate to a vote. It was his bitter arraignment of the Democrats that made the leaders of that party realize their responsibility, and understand the necessity of bringing the long and vexatious debate to a close. It was his commanding influence in the Republican party that kept Senators of that party in line, and that prevented their acceptance of the final compromise proposition that came near adoption.

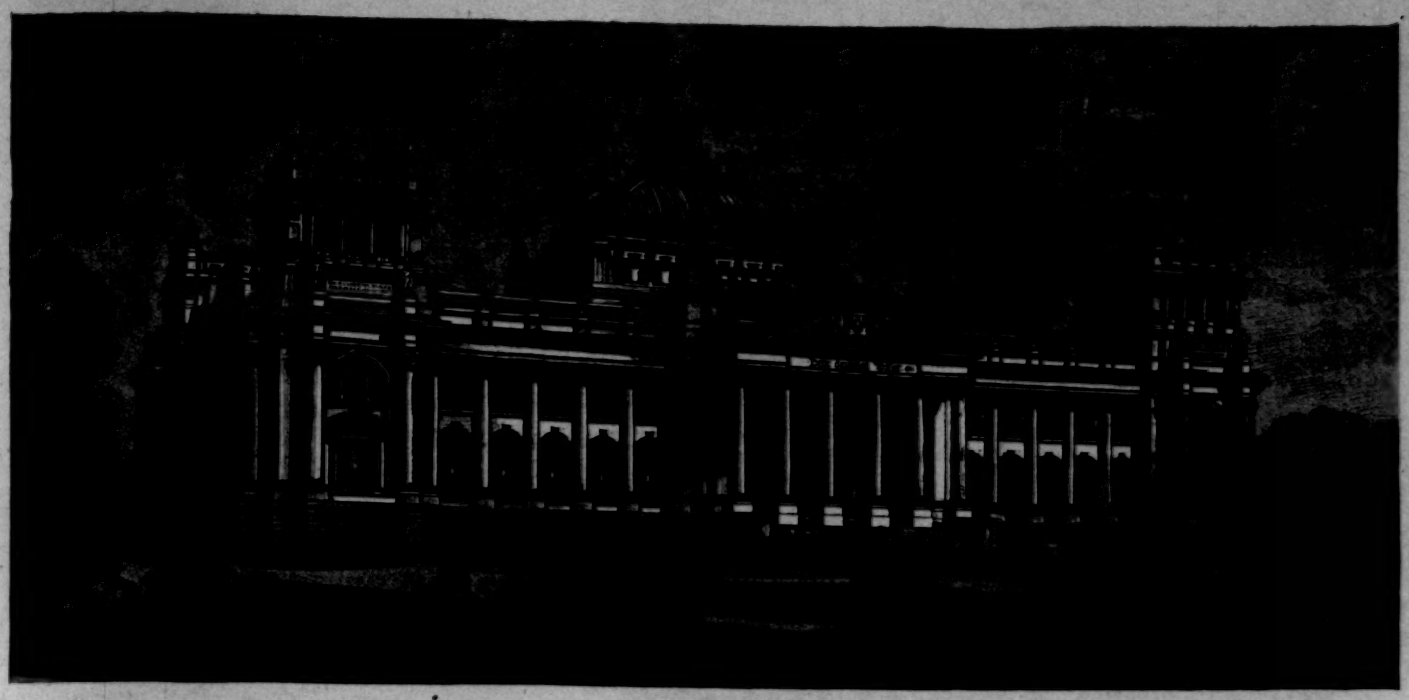
Since the meeting of the extra session in August last, Mr. Sherman has been a tower of strength to the administration of his political antagonists. It is true that he has sought to make party capital out of the blunders and weaknesses of the Democrats, but that is not only natural, but is consistent with the highest patriotism. Without sparing his criticism he has used his high standing as a Republican, and as the first financial authority in that party, to help the Cleveland administration protect and maintain the credit of the country.

When it was definitely known that the Democratic majority in Congress would not turn over its hand to help Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary announced that he would exercise the power conferred upon him by the act of 1875, and would sell five-per-cent. ten-year bonds at a rate that would make them a three-per-cent. loan. At once arose an outcry from the Populists, from Democrats who seemed to prefer national bankruptcy to an increase of the national debt, from silver men who wanted to force the Secretary to coin the seigniorage, and from partisan Republicans who were willing to sacrifice the country's credit if they might at the same time gain a party advantage. Even the bankers of New York were lukewarm until almost the last moment, because the price fixed by the Secretary as the lowest that he would accept made the bonds an undesirable investment to the private financier or capitalist. The Judiciary Committee of the House, controlled by the Secretary's own party, adopted a resolution conceding the power of the Secretary to sell bonds under the act of 1875, but denying his power to use the money obtained from the sale of the bonds for any other purpose than the redemption of the greenbacks. Others insisted that the power had been taken from him, and there seemed to be a general consensus of opinion among Democrats that Mr. Carlisle could not use the funds he acquired by the sale of the bonds for current expenses or to make up the deficiency in the revenues.

The outlook was darkest when Mr. Sherman made his speech in defence of the Secretary. It was a vigorous, clear, and convincing contention in support of the power of the Secretary under the law to maintain the credit of the country. Mr. Sherman always speaks with the voice of authority on Treasury matters, and after he had said that the power asserted by Mr. Carlisle had never been questioned for fifteen long years, it was only a blind partisan who had the temerity to reply to him. Mr. Sherman rendered the country a great service in that speech, and it will help to keep his name and fame honored by his countrymen after most of those who sit in the Senate-Chamber with him have been forgotten. It was patriotism alone that made the bond issue a success; for not only was Mr. Sherman's defence of Mr. Carlisle patriotic, but the bankers of New York, with a little help from Boston, Philadelphia, and other places, subscribed to the loan, although it was an unprofitable use of their money, to save the credit of the government. Thus twice within six months it has been Mr. Sherman's privilege to rise above all petty and party considerations, and to do for his country what no other single man could have done.

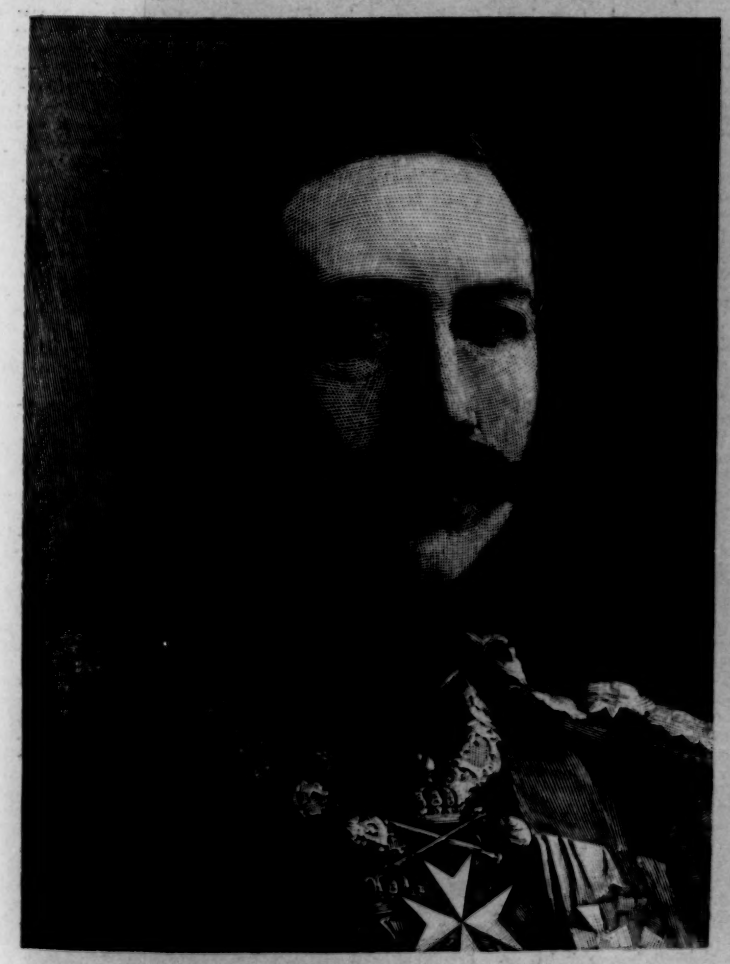
THE POULTRY SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by Franklane L. Sewell.—[See Page 135.]

1. Training a Favorite for the Show. 2. One of the Pheasant Cages. 3. Feathers from Old Standard Breeds. 4. Group of Japanese Bantams. 5. Head of Exhibition Game-Cock. 6. Head of Minorca Hen. 7. Head of Chinese Mandarin Drake. 8. Fantail Pigeon. 9. Jacobin Pigeon. 10. Fairy-swallow Pigeon. 11. Russian Trumpeter-Pigeon. 12. African Owl-Pigeon. 13. Oriental Blondinette Pigeon. 14. Muffled Tumbler Pigeon. 15. Scotch Pouter-Pigeon. 16. English Buff Cochin Cock. 17. Pekin Bantams. 18. English Silver-gray Dorking Cock. 19. Brown China Goose. 20. Embden Goose.

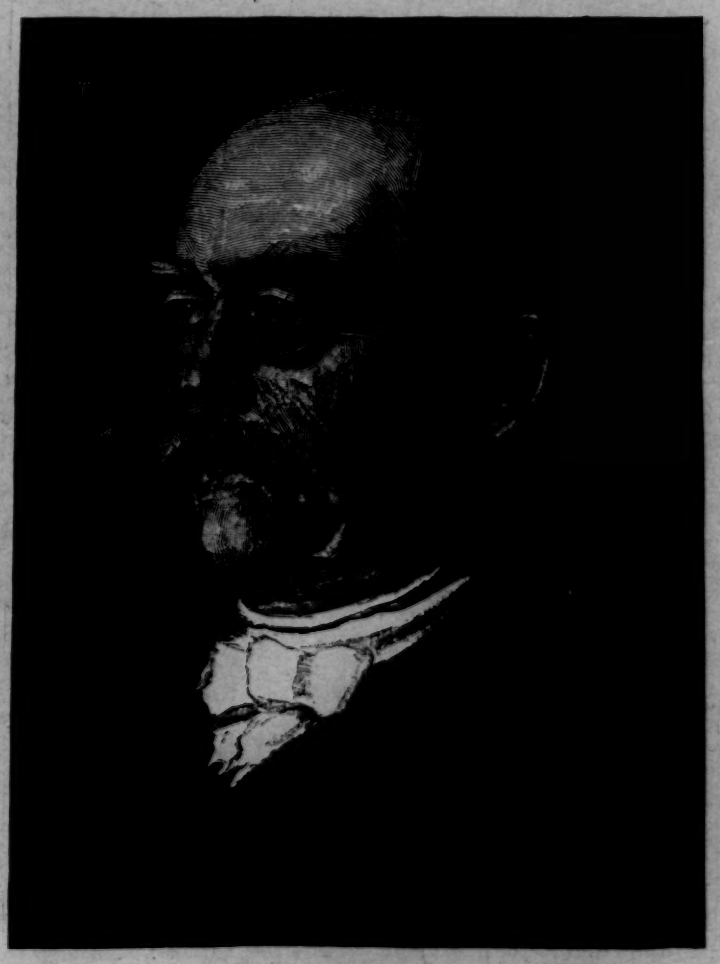


THE NEW REICHSTAG BUILDING, BERLIN.

BISMARCK IN RETIREMENT.
The Prince Receiving Visitors in his Garden.—From a Photograph.



EMPEROR WILLIAM II.
From a recent Photograph.



PRINCE BISMARCK.
From the Painting by Lenbach.

THE RECONCILIATION OF EMPEROR AND PRINCE.—[See Page 135.]

# COMMON SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MOST thinking men believe that a general diffusion of knowledge is the safeguard of the republic. Many believe that the civil war was possible only because of the illiteracy of the Southern population. It is at least an open question whether unscrupulous leaders could have moved the people to so unwise action had common schools given to the masses the ability to read, and had newspapers been as widely circulated and read as in the North and West.

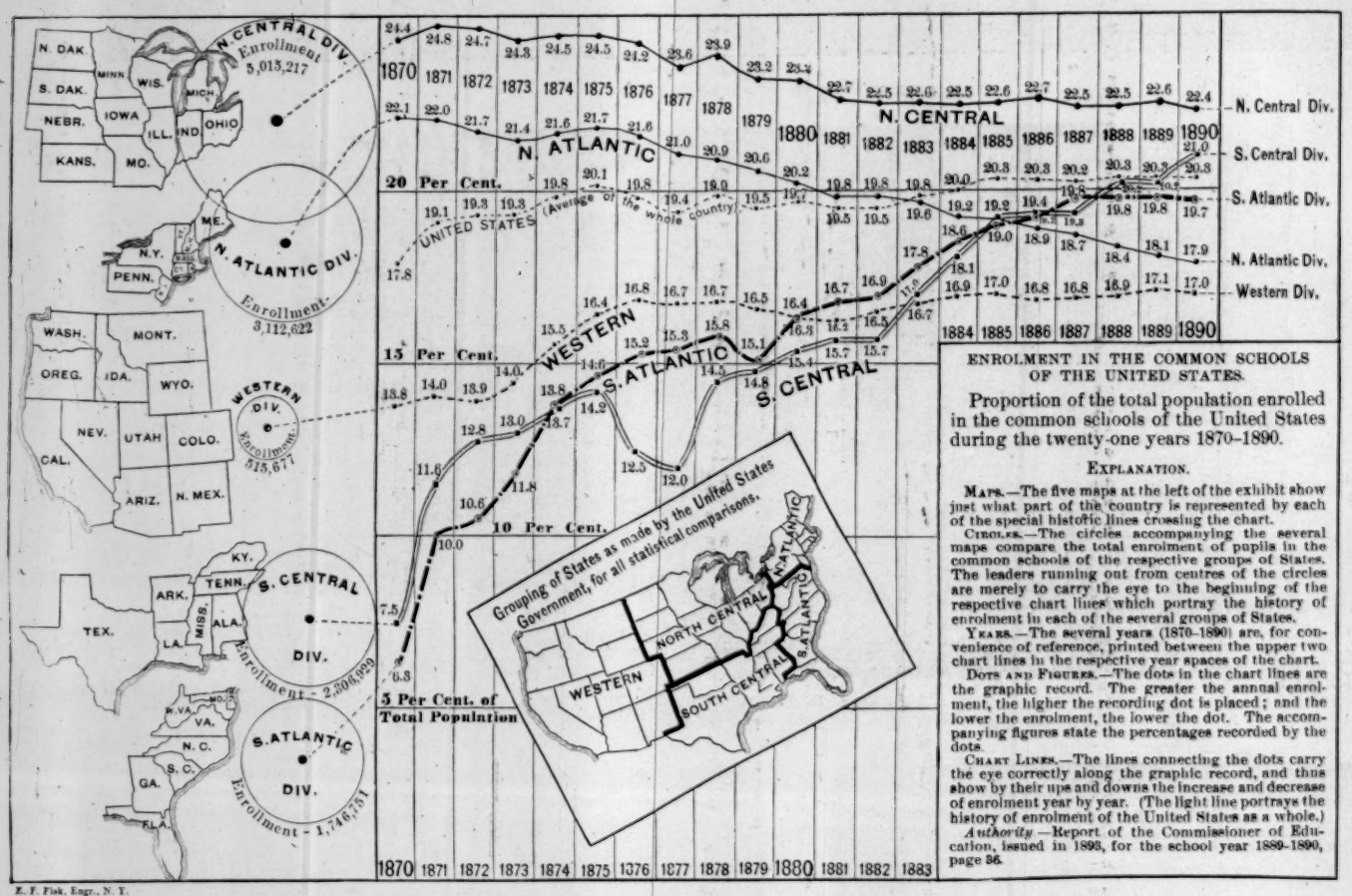
After the close of the war common schools were slowly introduced. Yet in 1870 the enrolment indicated that only from six to eight persons in every hundred of the population were receiving elementary education. From that date to the present the progress in establishing schools and the increase in the number of pupils constitute the most remarkable educational advance in the history of this country—probably in the history of the world.

In the North common schools are coexistent with population. They were instituted with the earliest settlements, and grew with the growth of the communities. Common sentiment compelled the acquirement of an elementary education by the children of all families, from the poorest to the most wealthy, whether at the "frontier," on the farm, or in the city.

As the West was peopled almost wholly from the Northern States, the log school-house was one of the first buildings erected wherever population pushed its way. In the moves the harvest northward, taking their families with them, and entering their children in the schools of each locality for the few weeks of each new residence.

It therefore appears that all five sections are, and always have been, reporting too large enrolments. By this it is not to be understood that the proportion of duplicate enrolments has been uniform during the whole period. The Commissioner has urged the necessity of eliminating this class of errors from the school reports. Massachusetts and Ohio, two important States, claim to have excluded re-enrolments during the whole period; therefore the chart lines are neither too high nor too low so far as those States affect them. Other States have been improving their records in this respect, especially of late years. Such improvements resulted in reporting a smaller proportion of population enrolled, and by so much the chart lines run lower than they would if the improvements had not been made.

Proof that duplication is at present very evenly distributed to all five of the groups of States is found in the Commissioner's report of the ratio of the average attendance of each pupil to the total number of school days per year. The report shows that in each group the average attendance is very close to five-eighths of the whole number of days the schools were kept. The three causes which could make variations in these ratios are sickness, lack of interest, and duplication. In so large a region as each of these groups of States covers, the former two causes would, in the nature




E. F. Fisk, Engr., N. Y.

ENROLMENT IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Proportion of the total population enrolled in the common schools of the United States during the twenty-one years 1870–1890.

EXPLANATION.

MAPS.—The five maps at the left of the exhibit show just what part of the country is represented by each of the special historic lines crossing the chart.

CIRCLES.—The circles accompanying the several maps compare the total enrolment of pupils in the common schools of the respective groups of States. The leaders running out from centres of the circles are merely to carry the eye to the beginning of the respective chart lines which portray the history of enrolment in each of the several groups of States.

YEARS.—The several years (1870–1890) are, for convenience of reference, printed between the upper two chart lines in the respective year spaces of the chart.

DOTS AND FIGURES.—The dots in the chart lines are the graphic record. The greater the annual enrolment, the higher the recording dot is placed; and the lower the enrolment, the lower the dot. The accompanying figures state the percentages recorded by the dots.

CHART LINES.—The lines connecting the dots carry the eye correctly along the graphic record, and thus show by their ups and downs the increase and decrease of enrolment year by year. (The light line portrays the history of enrolment of the United States as a whole.)

*Authority.*—Report of the Commissioner of Education, issued in 1893, for the school year 1889–1890, page 36.

North and West, therefore, the proportion of the population enrolled in the common schools has always been very large—even larger in the North in the earlier history of the several States than now.

The large chart shows graphically the history of school enrolment in the United States from 1870 to 1890. The two chart lines beginning at the lower part of the left of the chart show by their rapid upward movement the progress of the two Southern groups of States better than words could tell it. The two upper chart lines point out the decrease in the two Northern groups.

### RELIABILITY.

Are the remarkable records thus portrayed in the chart reliable? Has the South made such astonishing progress? Has the North been really retrograding? As comparing the relative increase and decrease of the several groups of States, the records are undoubtedly correct. It is also equally true that each of the chart lines is too high up on the chart. In other words, the percentage of the entire population enrolled in the common schools is not now, and has not been at any time, as great as the records indicate.

### DUPLICATE ENROLMENT.

The Commissioner of Education of the United States, from whose report these records are extracted, explains the impossibility of securing accurate enrolment figures. The chief difficulty is that of duplicate enrolment. In most rural districts of the North and West the two school terms of the year (summer and winter) are usually taught by different teachers. Each teacher makes a separate report of enrolment, and each report includes several pupils who attended both terms, thereby duplicating those names in the summary for the whole year. The movement of families from one district to another within the school year also causes many duplications.

These same features of inaccuracy extend in large measure to villages, and even cities. A most striking example is that of Philadelphia, whose enrolment record (as stated by the Commissioner of Education) one year showed, under careful examination, a duplication of 70,000 names, thereby increasing its enrolment from 107,000 to 177,000 names.

In the South a large proportion of the schools have but one term per year. This would seem to greatly reduce the liability to duplicate enrolment. There is, however, in that part of the country a large element of shifting population. Many farm laborers, in order to prolong harvest wages, move from point to point as the advance of the season of things, be evenly balanced, leaving duplication only as a disturbing cause.

Since the ratios are so remarkably uniform, it is fair to conclude that the duplication is at present evenly distributed, and that therefore the right-hand portions of the chart lines are all too high up on the chart by about the same distance. The gains and losses are therefore fairly represented by the upward and downward courses of the lines; for if all of the lines were moved a little lower down, their relative positions and their respective directions would be practically unchanged.

### THE SOUTH.

The most remarkable feature of the chart is the great upward movement of the two lines portraying the Southern enrolment. It appears that the South has made an actual and astonishing advance in common schools. Does this advance include the white as well as the colored population? The census report shows that this increase in enrolment for the ten years (1880–90) does include a very large proportion of the white children.* This fact is very important; for as much as the friends of education desire the advancement of the colored population, they know that to educate the colored children alone would be to ultimately increase race prejudice, and to threaten the future peace of the South.

### THE NORTH.

While the most prominent feature of the chart is the increase of enrolment indicated in the Southern States, the most astonishing feature is the downward course of the two lines portraying the enrolment in the Northern States. Is the North retrograding in its common-school interests? Is the South in the near future to lead in respect of common-school education?

These questions come with startling force as one runs his eye over the chart lines a second time to see if it be really true that the North Atlantic line has within ten years dropped from its position of next highest to that of next lowest, and that the two Southern lines both climbed above it a half-dozen years ago. And this is the division which includes New England, the birthplace and home of common schools in the United States.

Is this apparent loss due to eliminations of duplicate enrolments? If Massachusetts, as claimed, has excluded re-

* Taking both Southern divisions together, and including Missouri, the increase was: white, 45.91 per cent.; colored, 61.58 per cent. In the South Atlantic Division it was: white, 35.96 per cent.; colored, 53.59 per cent. The South Central Division records: white, 63.46 per cent.; colored, 70.88 per cent.

enrolments for the whole period, it is in no way due to the records of that State. State Superintendent Draper, of New York, while considering it as a "partial explanation" (as regards New York State) says, "This, however, is no adequate explanation of the unfortunate fact."

Convinced that there is no mistake about the direction and relative positions of the chart lines, and learning that the more correct returns of later years are not "adequate explanation of the unfortunate fact," the reader naturally asks with no little emphasis what, then, has caused this astonishing condition? Satisfactorily to meet this question will call for the answering of several supplemental inquiries. These may be condensed as follows: immigration? manufactures? private schools? size of families?

### IMMIGRATION.

The general impression exists that this country has been flooded with a foreign-born population within the past twenty years. This impression is the product of much writing and talking about the absolute number of immigrants, without taking into consideration the much greater absolute increase of native population. This is evident from the fact that the proportion of foreign-born population in the United States in 1870 was 14.44 per cent., and that it had increased to only 14.75 per cent. in 1890. It is very clear that so small an increase as less than one-third of one per cent. in twenty years would produce no such effect as is indicated by the chart lines of the two Northern groups of States.

It is, however, to be considered that this increase of the foreign element was not evenly distributed. The South shows a slight decrease, and the West a very large decrease. The increase was therefore all condensed in the Northern States. This resulted in giving the North Central Division an increase of about one-fifth of one per cent., and the North Atlantic Division the considerable increase of one and eight-tenths per cent. Even this increase of less than two per cent. in a period of twenty years, it is evident, could cause no marked effect on school enrolment; for it is well known that the foreign element has always been well represented in the common schools, especially those of the rural districts.

It may be answered that the later immigrants are largely ignorant people who do not attempt to educate their children. In reply it is to be noted that the decreased enrolment of the North Atlantic Division covers the whole twenty years, while this increase of extremely illiterate immigration made its beginning as late as 1887, as is shown by the immigration statistics as published by the United States government.* It is also to be remembered that, taking the immigration as a whole, the desirable immigrants are still largely in excess of the undesirable.

It therefore appears that the *increase* of immigration could, at the worst, have had but little effect in producing the decreased enrolment. The *character* of the foreign element will be considered further on in the examination of the subject.

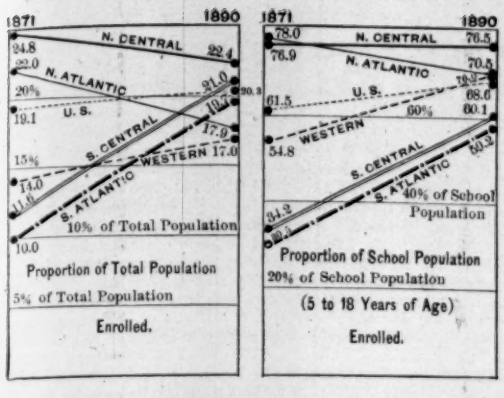
### MANUFACTURES.

Has the great increase of the manufacturing industries during the past quarter of a century drawn children into its employment to the disadvantage of the schools? The States composing the North Atlantic Division are the great manufacturing States of the Union. The two predominant manufacturing industries of the division are cotton and woollen manufacture. They are, moreover, the two naturally adapted to draw children into their employment. (Public sentiment has induced legislation against child labor in factories. Has this legislation been effective?) The Census Report for 1890 shows that these two industries had greatly increased in the number of hands employed from 1880 to 1890, but that the number of children employed—girls under fifteen years and boys under sixteen years of age—had decreased more than thirty-six per cent. This fact clearly indicates that the decreased enrolment of the North Atlantic Division cannot be attributed to factory employment.

### PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Has the improvement in the economic condition of the people at large, induced by the increase of wages and the decrease in the prices of the ordinary commodities of life, resulted in sending a larger portion of the children to private schools? The Commissioner of Education reports extreme difficulty in obtaining satisfactory returns of private school enrolment. In concluding his consideration of the subject he says: "The statistics of private schools, as furnished by State Superintendents, are, in general, of such varying degrees of imperfection from year to year that they furnish no

* A careful computation of the number of immigrants represented by the whole increase, when compared with the decrease in the number of pupils represented by the reduced enrolment, shows that if the entire increase of immigrants had been poured into the schools, it would not have made up for half of the decreased enrolment, and that if the normal enrolment proportion of the increase had been wholly withheld, it would amount to less than one-tenth of the loss of enrolment. The same computation for the North Central Division shows that a total refusal of the increase of foreigners to send their children to school would not account for even one-fortieth of the loss.







reliable basis for determining to what extent the private are gaining upon the public schools. Any apparent gain in recent years may very probably be attributed to more complete returns of private schools."* Since the commissioner believes that any gain in private-school enrolment is "apparent" rather than real, it is fair to conclude that the decrease in enrolment in public schools is not attributable to this cause.

SIZE OF FAMILIES.

The decrease in the size of families in the Northern States, while much discussed in social economics, is perhaps seldom discussed in its effect on common schools. An important consideration is that the reduction in the size of families all falls to the children's side of the family, and therefore all acts to reduce the proportion of the population in school enrolment, because the enrolment is all drawn from the children's side of the family. The fewer children, the lighter the school enrolment, is an axiom in this consideration.

A careful computation of the decrease in the size of families as compared with the decrease in proportionate enrolment in common schools shows that in the North Atlantic Division the decrease in size of families accounts for nearly half enough pupils to supply the loss in enrolment, while in the North Central Division it accounts for more than enough to supply the entire loss.

That the decrease in the size of families in the older section (the North Atlantic Division) should be only twenty-three persons to each one hundred families, while in the newer section (the North Central Division) it is thirty-seven persons—within the twenty years—seems at first thought to be erroneous. It is contrary to the law of growth of civilized populations.

This contradiction needs explanation. There appears but one solution of the problem, and that is so natural as to be at once suggested when the history of the population is put alongside of its industrial development and the topography of the country.

SIFTING IMMIGRATION.

The immigration to the United States has always been almost wholly landed on the shores of the North Atlantic Division. The seaboard cities and the near sea-coast manufacturing towns have always been the recipients of the poorer immigrants, who had no means to travel further. This included not only the honest poor, it also included the dishonest poor, and that means nearly all the dishonest comers, for, as a rule, those who had saved a little more than just enough to cross the ocean are of the better class of immigrants.

These same towns have also been the recipients of almost all immigrants of vicious tendencies—for the dark corners of towns are the natural haunts of vice. This sifting process has resulted in giving the North Atlantic Division nearly all of the cruder elements of the foreign-born population. One of the characteristics of that class of people is illiteracy of the kind that has little or no ambition to read or write, either for self or for children. It is no doubt true, then, that for fifty years past a large part of the daily additions to the foreign element of this group of States has been refusing to add its quota to the enrolment in the public schools.†

This class of immigrants is also noted for large families, which fact more than overbalances the natural decrease of size of native-born families, and explains why the Census Reports show a loss of only twenty-three persons to the one hundred families in this division. The actual loss in size of those families which really contribute to the enrolment of schools, could it be known, is therefore plainly sufficient to account for the decrease in school enrolment. To put it another way: the three elements contributing to the apparent loss in pupils in the proportionate enrolment of the North Atlantic Division are (*a*) a constantly renewed and increasing portion of that class of foreign population which naturally refuses to send its children to the public schools; (*b*) a decrease in the size of families as reported by the census returns; (*c*) more correct returns of enrolment.

The North Central Division, having a comparatively small proportion of this refractory foreign element, accounts for the loss of pupils through its decreased size of families, without even taking into consideration the effect of the more correct returns of enrolment of later years. Indeed, it so accounts for about one-third more than the entire loss, showing that were its record of enrolment computed on the proportion of the unmarried population its chart-line would have run up hill instead of down. It is also undoubtedly true that could the North Atlantic Division exclude from its reckoning the very undesirable foreign-born population and their families, and compute its enrolment on the remaining desirable foreign and native unmarried population, its line would also make an up-grade movement.

The next annual report of the Commissioner of Education will include a table giving the proportion of *school population* enrolled. He has kindly furnished these proportions for 1871 and 1890, and they are portrayed in the right-hand diagram. The left-hand diagram shows the proportions of *total* population enrolled the same years (as taken from the large diagram). These give the starting-

(*Continued on next page.*)

* The commissioner's estimates indicate an enrolment in private schools as follows: In the North Atlantic Division, 3.3 per cent. of total population; North Central Division, 2.7 per cent.; Western Division, 1.9 per cent.; South Atlantic, 1.7 per cent.; South Central, 1.2 per cent.

† The Census Report shows that the illiteracy of the foreign-born population of ten years of age and over in the North Atlantic Division, taken as a whole, is fully twice as great as that of the North Central Division.

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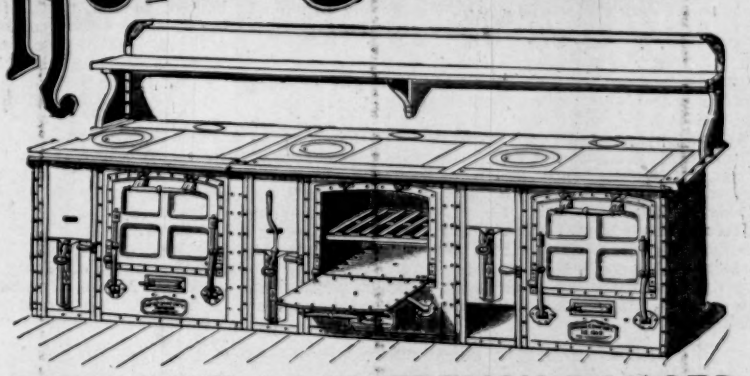

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point and finish of the twenty years by both methods of computation, thereby presenting the results, without showing the intermediate steps as in the large diagram. These two diagrams taken together furnish a most valuable comparison. The scales of the two small diagrams are so proportioned as to throw the groups of delineating lines and dots opposite each other, and thereby make the comparison more easy.

It will be readily noted that in the proportion of school population (five to eighteen years of age) the wonderful progress of the South is no less prominent than on the basis of total population. By both methods it has practically doubled in twenty years. It has not, however, overtaken the Western or the North Atlantic Division. The North Central line is practically level, while the North Atlantic, although dropping considerably, is still above the Western, and above the average of the whole country. Could the non-educational foreign factor of the North Atlantic group, heretofore referred to, be eliminated, that line would also probably assume at least a level, if not a rising direction. This latter comparison—proportion of children enrolled between five and eighteen years of age—is the more just to all sections, and it is to be hoped that it will be adopted in the future as the basis of all enrolment comparisons.

### THE WEST.

The increase in the Western Division, as portrayed in both diagrams, contradicts neither theory, expectation, nor experience, and therefore calls for slight remark. It is no doubt due to the fact that the increased prosperity of the country during the past twenty years has enabled the Western people to multiply school buildings, and to hire more help in their work, instead of keeping the children out of school to work. The great mining regions of the West were, twenty years ago, peopled almost wholly with male adults. Those same regions are to-day largely populated with thriving families, and supplied with common schools.

### UNITED STATES.

The light chart line, recording the enrolment of the United States as a whole, shows that the apparent reduction of enrolment in the two Northern groups, with their great populations, has been more than overcome by the increased enrolment of the South and West, with their smaller populations. It is probable that (on the basis of total population) the succeeding years will show only slight variations in the direction of the chart lines. The tendencies indicated by the directions from 1885 to 1890 will likely be modified both as to increase and decrease, except as to the North Atlantic, which will naturally decline at its present rate, unless the immigration of the cruder elements of foreign populations be checked, or some plan be devised to bring their children into school.

### CONVERGENCE OF CHART LINES.

The approach of the chart lines to each other suggests that the several divisions are much more nearly uniform in school facilities than twenty years ago. The thoughtful mind goes out, however, to other indications before reaching conclusions. The number of days the schools are open is an equally important index. In this respect the South has yet a long stride to make. For example, the South Central has a school year of only about half as many days as the North Atlantic.*

Another important consideration is that of the studies pursued. In this respect the North Atlantic has also the highest place, if the area of the field covered by the ordinary course of study is taken to determine rank. Passing from the North Atlantic, the gradation goes naturally with the age of school systems to the North Central and the Western, and concludes with the vigorous younger systems of the South. These two considerations—number of days the scholars are actually taught and the courses of studies pursued—tend to separate the divisions much more widely than the 1890 locations of the chart lines indicate.

A third consideration is that of the results attained in practical mental development. Thoughtful minds, engaged in the actual application of mental development to the various phases of practical life, are more and more emphasizing the view that the few fundamentals of education, well developed, are a better equipment than a great diversity of information, which is necessarily weak and inefficient, because the time given to its acquirement is too short for thorough work over so wide a field. It is therefore doubtful whether the extended course of study of to-day in New England is producing as strong thinkers as the simpler course of fifty years ago.

### EDUCATIONAL INSTRUMENTS.

The four great educational instruments of the present era are common schools, newspapers, railroads, and "workshops." While schools give the ability to read, and train the mental powers to digest what is read, the newspapers promote general information by their wide dissemination of knowledge. These two instruments furnish the theories of action. The railroads bring the populations of the several sections into actual personal contact, and thereby promote sympathy of plan, purpose, and action. It remains, however, for the "workshop" (whether it be farm or factory) to test the theories by putting into execution the plans, and carrying out the purposes developed by the three preparatory agencies. It is in the "workshop" of life that mental development receives its crucial test.

It is gratifying, therefore, to discover in the reports of newspaper publication, railroad building, and factory establishment that the South is making a progress that is second only to its progress in common schools. Each passing year is acting powerfully through these four great agencies to make the people of the United States a people of common interests, of increased sympathy, and united purposes.

F. W. HEWES.

* The Commissioner's Report gives the number of days of school actually kept as follows: North Atlantic, 166.6; North Central, 147.9; Western, 135.1; South Atlantic, 97.2; South Central, 88.1; United States, 134.8.

## MY YOUTH.

I HAD a bird within my house.
Ah! little cared I for its song,
But, bee like, wandered far afield
For honey all day long.

I hastened homeward when at last
The joyous day to night had grown.
The song will comfort me, I said.
Alas! the bird had flown!

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

# GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS died rich, known, loved. He was the head of a great newspaper, and the most conspicuous citizen in a great city—one of the eight largest in the civilized world. But lives are remarkable not for what they are or do, but for what they solve. In all time, this century has been at once the most selfish and unselfish. The great acquisition of the age has been matched by unexampled giving. Our business is based on the unvarying selfishness of nature, "red with tooth and claw." Our belief, our morals, all our higher ideals, rest on the unselfish creed of the crucified One. This struggle runs through all society. The spirit is at war with its members. To men of large means or of narrow, of wide enterprises or shut to some straitened solitary cell of hard labor for the ordinary needs of each day, no problem presents itself more often, consciously or unconsciously, in the current and daily criticism of life by which each man adjusts his acts to his ideals, than the solution of the struggle between the need and desire for acquisition—on which all organized existence rests, be it brute, man, or business, college, corporation, or nation—and the sacrifice of self in the joy and rapture of giving. Many rich men compound this contest by one great gift—much as the surgeon's knife removes in a moment the tumor which is the slow growth of years. When the gift is a post-mortem operation a man is able to combine a life of selfishness with an anticipatory glow of generosity whose actual sacrifices are all his heirs', and whose assumed merits are all his own.

Many men have been richer than Mr. Childs, as well known, honored, loved, the centre of organized and associated civic activity as large; many, though fewer, have given more in the aggregate. His life was unique for gifts which were the continuous expression of a life of personal benevolence, as benevolent in business as in charity, so that his life came to be an integral whole. No man ever felt that Mr. Childs' business success was laid in miry foundations which discredited the superstructure of good deeds erected by his charities. He gave as freely to his employés as he did to those in need, and he demonstrated the possibility of combining unswerving faithfulness to "business" with the liberal policy which scattereth yet increaseth. Considering the stress and strain of all trade under modern competition this was an achievement little short of genius. It was such a reconciliation of diverse aims and ideals as is not easily matched. A man of whom it was felt by those more familiar with his business career than I can be that he never made a bad bargain, and never overreached another, has alone accomplished wonders; but when the results of all the good bargains of a lifetime constitute the reservoir from which flow a ceaseless stream of gifts and good-will, there is presented a life lived on a consistent plan which sweeps away at a blow a host of the commonplace lies and excuses which justify the selfishness of the man by the mastering needs of the trader whose traffic is his god, and who is confounded by it. The Roman who held that "even in a palace life may be led well" had imagined an environment far more favorable than the iron needs of modern business, in which "our freedom for a little bread we sell," and the man within these curbed confines who still retains and daily displays in this selfish struggle the life of generous endeavor has deserved even the praise showered on Mr. Childs, to whose heaped measure of eulogy not even death can add. This acclaim he did not despise. Men differ in their desire for the world's echo. Much, perhaps most, of the fruit which accompanied this life of good deeds was simply because the giver was of deep interest, friendly or not, to the men who deal out publicity. More was due to the circumstance that being first a bookseller, next a publisher, and for thirty years a newspaper proprietor, Mr. Childs was all his life long in contact with the articulate classes, and his deeds were perpetually in the light they gave.

All this led to an estimate, often most unjust, of his appetite for appreciation. With all the publicity which attended his manifold giving for more than forty years, enough of his good acts was left in secret to outfit a generous life with unceasing generosity. In the nature of things, a man who loved to give, loved also to feel the warmth and glow of grateful appreciation. The same qualities which made giving easy made him delight in the public appreciation of his gifts, and he remained, to the end of his life, childlike, with all a child's pleasure in feeling what others felt at his abundant outpour. The higher ideal is doubtless "like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit," but the human soul longs for response, and it is not the least of the pleasant things which smell sweet and blossom in the dust of this life, now ended, that it proved gratitude and giving nearer akin than men of less gifts believe, and gave one instance of a career which leaves behind no written line men will remember, and which had small share in the higher intellectual power, but which was so full of good deeds that no man stopped to ask if it had borne great ones, and which received, through the simple discharge of an unselfish generosity, open to every man within his means and powers, such meed and measure of praise and become such a child of honor and renown as befalls only lives of supreme success.

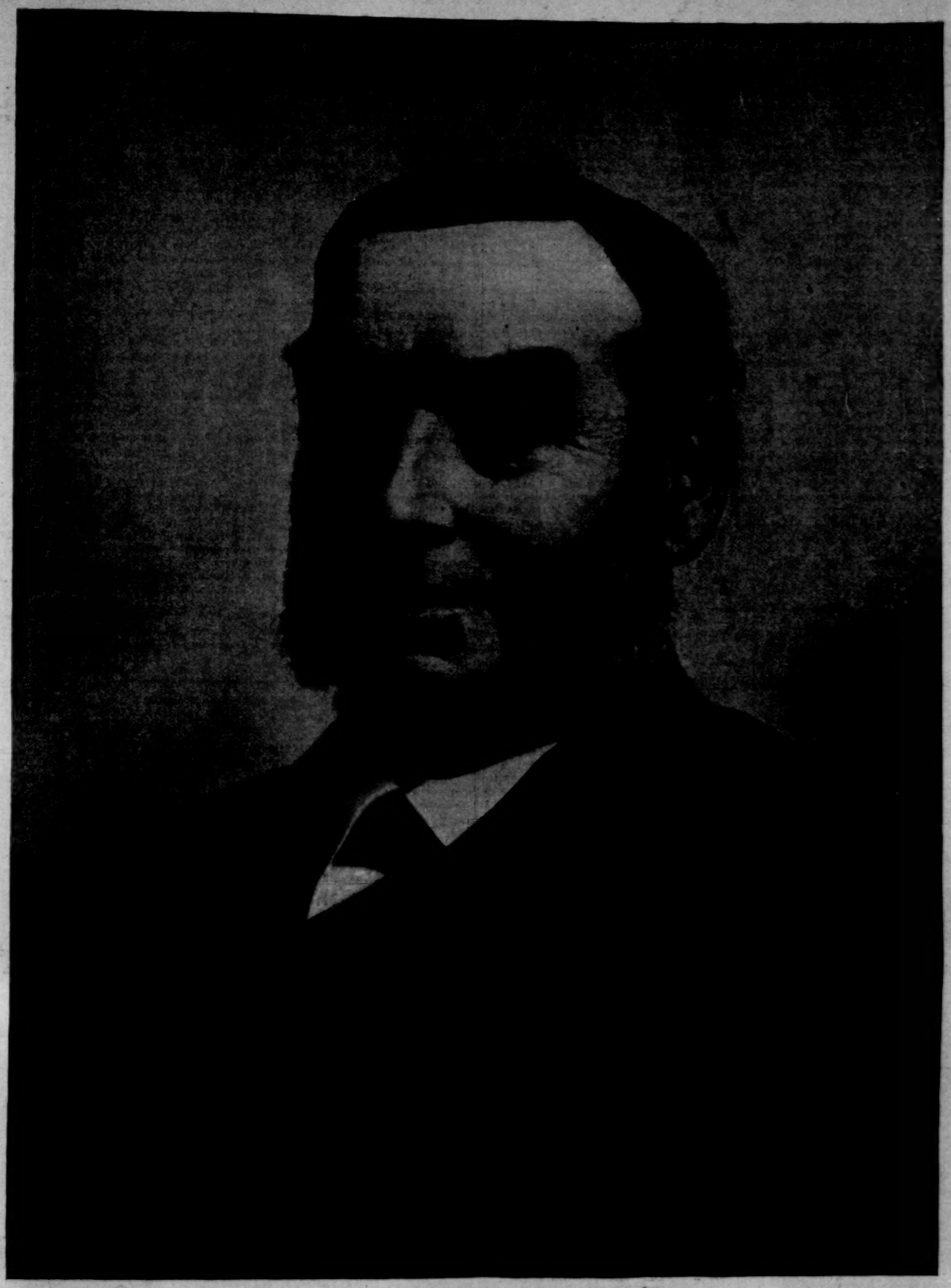
The outlines of Mr. Childs' life were after a familiar American pattern. The same canvas is stretched for all pictures. In his brief boyhood, passed in Baltimore, where he was born May 12, 1829, he knew what it was to want money, to make it in the busy barter and vacation work of the American school-boy, and, unlike most future rich men, he began as a boy to give as early as he learned to get. At fourteen he came to Philadelphia to enter a store, his habits formed, and the beginnings of savings already made at an age when many a man has still ten years of education before him. But Mr. Childs' training was to be one of life, and in life rather than in books and of letters. He read few books, though he met and knew more authors than almost any American of his day but one—his friend, the publisher, Mr. Field. He wrote little or nothing on public affairs, though he knew with intimacy more of the conspicuously successful public men than any other newspaper proprietor in the land. What he knew he knew from having heard, and for forty years he had the inestimable advantage of easy social contact with men of success. He said little. He absorbed much. He had that habit of common-sense which grows in a business life. He felt the interest in his own career which most successful men feel. It had its sharp contrasts, and he loved to dwell upon them; though it is fortunately true of most successful Americans, as it was of Mr. Childs, that in their early years they have swept store and sidewalk, gone on errands, and gained the priceless habit of helping themselves with their own hands in daily needs, which is at once the simplicity and strength of our national life. Speaking broadly, every American blacks his own boots, and in his early and later years Mr. Childs reflected this homely national ideal. He added to it an American self-respect as independent as it was sincere, based on the conviction that his advance was open to any man, and had changed, neither for himself nor for others, the essential facts of life. His hard and barren boyhood had its interest by way of contrast, but in his mind it neither made nor marred the years of success which followed, and he dwelt upon it with the same frank freedom when he was a rising young bookseller thirty-five years ago as when he was a millionaire known to all the world.

Incidents were few in the life of a man whose place of business never moved five hundred yards in fifty years, and who lived on the same street corner for a quarter of a century. Four years after he came to the city, a friendless boy, he had saved money enough to begin business in a small way on his own account. In three years more he had formed the partnership with Robert Evans Peterson, his father-in-law, in which the foundations of his wealth were laid. The period was one in which the railroad system was beginning to open a continental market to the American publisher. The trade sales of the previous decade were giving place to a more direct distribution of books, just as these sales had supplanted a system of small local publishers. At eighteen Mr. Childs was already known at these sales. He was barely twenty-five when he had published the most successful book of arctic exploration known then or since. It was considered an extraordinary thing, a few years ago, when a great English firm paid Mr. Stanley £10,000. The obscure and almost forgotten firm of which Mr. Childs was the head paid in a single year Dr. E. K. Kane $70,000 in royalties, and reaped a corresponding profit as publishers. In the series of successful books which Mr. Childs published, of which Parson Brownlow's book and Fletcher and Kidder's *Brazil* were the most conspicuous, not one, so far as I know, is remembered in letters, but they were all selected with singular discrimination; they were advertised with ability, and the former of the two mentioned had orders for 50,000 copies before it went to press. A permanent sale over a long series of years is as profitable as the sudden success of a popular or notorious book, and Sharswood's Blackstone and Bouvier's Law Dictionary had this value from the publisher's stand-point, while every literary student was put under a lasting debt to Mr. Childs by his share in securing the publication of Dr. Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature, full of faults, but full also of perennial usefulness. The publisher who has an eye both for popular and permanent works, who locks up capital in a work of value only to scholars, who maintains with equal skill and success a big jobbing and an active retail trade, and, lastly, who cares enough for his calling, as Mr. Childs did, to buy and enlarge a trade organ, the *Publisher's Weekly*, represents a very unusual type, and one as useful as it is rare. In fifteen years Mr. Childs had laid the foundation of his fortune, and was receiving in his last year as a publisher, before he bought the *Public Ledger* and turned aside from book-selling to the conduct of a newspaper, an income of $16,000 a year.

This purchase, which he made at thirty-five, in December, 1864, decided his career. The *Ledger* was one of the many penny papers started thirty years before the war which were suddenly swamped by the great increase in the cost of white paper at a time when cotton was cut off and substitutes for rags were only beginning to be adopted. It had secured, when Mr. Childs purchased it for about $150,000, public patronage for those small advertisements which are at once the most valuable source of newspaper revenue and the most difficult to obtain. Philadelphia was in 1864 a town of small householders full of small wants, but whose scale of living and expenditure was of the most modest. For many years this fixed the average level of the cost of advertising below that in either Boston or New York—a circumstance which has had its important influence in determining the relative scale of newspaper enterprise and expenditure in all three cities. Mr. Childs bought the *Ledger* when it was losing about $3000 a week. He made it a property which was earning over $1000 a day, and whose value would be placed by any fair judge at from ten to twenty fold greater than the sum Mr. Childs paid for it. His first step was to advance the price to two cents, which at the time did not much more than pay for the white paper, though Mr. Childs saw this newspaper necessity fall to one-sixth of the price which led him to make the advance. The rates for advertisements were also advanced, and then began a business management which extended over thirty years, and which was as remarkable for its liberality to employés as it was for its profit to the proprietors. Wages were maintained at a point level with or slightly above the market rate, pensions were paid, and what amounted to a system of profit-sharing under another name practised, while all posts were permanent.

The newspaper which made this amazing business success for many years strictly confined itself to the average life of the average householder. This was the secret of its success. The intrepid championship of new ideas and of to-morrow's reform was altogether out of the province of the *Ledger*. The attempt to quicken and inspire the life of a community by bringing into the narrow life of the borough the world's wider affairs, or news of national haps and mishaps, was not a task to which the *Ledger* devoted its superfluous revenues. When it was most nearly the typical *Philadelphia Ledger* it was more useful to one who lived in Philadelphia, and of less weight outside of it, than any paper of equal prominence ever published. The life of a provincial city it reflected with accuracy, without color, and with a hospitable welcome to all its phases, and aid to all its better efforts. Few papers have been published so long in which so little has appeared to injure any man or woman, to spread scandal, or to demoralize a community; but it is also true that few papers of equal circulation and profit have had so little active influence in the wide world of affairs, or done more to leave a conservative community satisfied with commonplace standards. Such a newspaper has its great use as a medium of average exchange, but there are limits to its value which are certain to become more apparent as civic life quickens, and the changes and enlargement which Mr. Childs has introduced of late years appeared to show that he was aware of the fact.

Mr. A. J. Drexel, the banker, whose death preceded Mr.



GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

Childs, by six months, was associated with him in the purchase and conduct of the *Ledger*. The two men mutually supplemented each other, Mr. Drexel seeking privacy almost as much as Mr. Childs took an innocent pleasure in publicity, but their daily friendship through a quarter of a century was such an example of the better things of life as must have quickened a desire for a like relation in every man who saw its long unbroken consistent beauty; for of all beautiful relations, the love of man for man passes all else in the ways and works of men. For twenty-five years the lives of these two men ran in the same daily unvarying channel, and one has quickly followed the other in death.

The revenue, influence, and position which the *Ledger* afforded rendered Mr. Childs conspicuous in the city of his residence, and able to make use of his prominent place in its life. He had the leisure of a man at the head of a well-organized establishment. He had the acquaintance both of the publisher and the public man. He knew in relations of intimacy and interest both literary men and men of affairs. The fashion in which one acquaintance leads to another added to his friendship or acquaintance a long list of European and English travellers. There was that about Mr. Childs which attracted men of very diverse natures. His manners were simple. He met all men and women on a level of mutual self-respect, and for those of the Old World he had the charm which comes from the absence of self-assertion—a charm which the better American shares with those of the highest rank abroad, and is one secret of their ease with him and his ease with them. No one could see Mr. Childs with those of this station without feeling that his manner was precisely what one would wish in an American. With Americans of position, of whom General Grant was a conspicuous instance, Mr. Childs was on terms of personal intimacy, born of his unselfish pleasure in being of service to them. In this, as in much else, Mr. Childs was marked by a transparent willingness to have his life known of men. Half his life had been passed in publicity, and the pleasure others felt in knowing of his friends he felt in sharing this knowledge. It would be a mistake not to see, on the one hand, that this was open to misconception, and a still greater mistake, on the other, to share this gross misconception of a simple, kindly, self-respecting man.

Of Mr. Childs' gifts in their general relation to his life mention has already been made. The public heard of scarcely a tithe. Mr. Childs practised giving as though it were at once a calling and a fine art. To every man of imagination, and to some without, it has probably occurred that it would be "nice" to go through life rectifying the apparent errors of providence, and providing those admirable things which every one agrees should be done, but which every one neglects. Mr Childs was almost alone among rich men in filling this desire. He made no large single gifts. He had no desire to share in long subscription lists, though he was a constant and liberal giver to many charities. But wherever anything presented itself which could be done by a single definite expenditure, and which, once done, stood, so to speak, by itself, the deed possessed to Mr. Childs an invincible attraction. He educated young men and young women by the hundred. Last summer he provided not scores, but hundreds, with a trip to the World's Fair. He started young men in business. He discharged small but troublesome debts. He pensioned for life more than one literary worker whose pen had ceased to be a means of support. He built a round dozen of monuments—to Poe, to Proctor, the Prayer-Book Cross to the first English service on our coast. He put in windows in churches at home and abroad, each with some definite commemoration. He provided Stratford with a fountain. All these were noteworthy and public gifts. There were hundreds, not to say thousands, of which no one heard. He rained watches on the just and unjust. He stood clocks on hundreds of bridal mantels. A gift seemed the joy of his inmost soul, and it came from him on the smallest provocation. His begging mail was enormous, and, what was far more extraordinary than its size, he gave it patient examination, inquiry, and care. Many began by laughing at him. All, I think, came to love him.

Nature—or was it something better than nature, character?—had given him a face and figure in precise keeping with his life. His rotund figure, his full rosy face, his quick step, his slight bustle, his smile, and his kindly eye and easy speech, made him look like the man he was. His personal life was as uneventful as his public. He was married to the daughter of his early partner, and his wife survives him. When the *Ledger*, which he had so long conducted, came to write his life, the two most important events which it could record were a trip abroad in 1869, and one to the West in 1892.

# AMATEUR SPORT

*Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

## BIG-MOUTH BASS.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

FISHING for black bass has of late years become very popular. Both the large and small mouthed species have been introduced into pretty much all the waters of the United States, so that at present there is hardly a river, pond, or lake that does not afford good sport for anglers. Unfortunately in some waters, particularly in the Raquette Lake system in the Adirondacks, this savage fish has about exterminated the trout, and not finding sufficient food, they are even reducing the number of their own species. The fighting qualities of the black bass are first class, and even the savage pickerel cannot stand before him. When taken with rod and reel they afford grand sport, and are game to the backbone, jumping many times clear above water, and in their mad rushes frequently manage to shake the hook from their jaws, much to the disgust and disappointment of the unlucky angler.

The small-mouth black bass, *Micropterus dolomiei*, is the better-known variety, and is considered the gamier of the two; but the big-mouth, *Micropterus salmoides*, is rapidly growing in favor, and I think this variety has been greatly underrated both as a game and food fish. Very few anglers seem to be posted as to the difference between the two, or know them apart after their capture. Anglers have been inclined to look on the big-mouth with contempt, calling him lazy and worthless, but I find that a good-sized big-mouth, when hooked in his favorite retreat among weeds and lily-pads, gives the angler all the sport he can attend to, and it requires fully as much skill and patience to land him as his more aristocratic brother. The big-mouth black bass masquerades under many local names. In Florida he is known as the "trout," in North Carolina as chub or Welshman; with us he is called Oswego bass or big-mouth bass; but no matter under what name he fights, he is always game and a grand prize, particularly if over five pounds in weight; and in Florida, where they are very plentiful, they are sometimes killed weighing as high as twelve and fourteen pounds, and lucky is the man that captures a big one in a fair fight.

In May or early in June the female makes a nest, a bowl-shaped excavation, about eighteen inches in diameter; if the water is deep she will make it of moss on a pile of sunken brush or weeds. After spawning she remains close by and guards her eggs with the greatest care, and even takes charge of the young fry when hatched. By September the fry grow to a length of about two inches, and can take care of themselves. In warm weather the big-mouth bass prefer shallow water, particularly the dark still waters among the lily-pads and sunken islands. In cold weather they retire to deep water, and if very cold they bury themselves in the mud and moss under stumps, sunken logs, etc., where they hibernate until the approach of spring. They are in season as soon as they have spawned. In the South they are always ready to take the hook. That mysterious lake on Long Island that has neither inlet nor outlet, and rises and falls every seven years, known as Lake Ronkonkoma, is a favorite spot for these fish, and large specimens are frequently killed there. At the upper end of the lake there is a perfect net-work of lily-pads—sunken islands filled with dead bushes and grass. Here in warm weather these bass are found in large numbers and of good size, always on the lookout for some unlucky frog; if they hear one croak they will wriggle up in the grass until the water is hardly deep enough to cover their backs, and poor froggy seldom escapes. The guides claim that they climb up into the bushes to watch for anglers, but this story lacks confirmation.

A large fly (the carey is the best) is very taking, and the rush of one of these big fish as he dashes at the fly with his tremendous mouth wide open is enough to startle the most experienced angler. Taking a few turns around the dead limb or a big bunch of lily stems is a favorite trick of theirs, and it is difficult to get the net under them before they break away. When they rush at the fly or bait, their big black heads covered with grass and pond-lilies, they resemble more the head of an otter than a fish. They feed on frogs, minnows, crickets, crawfish, young perch, and dobsons. Many are taken by skittering with a piece of pork or by trolling with a spoon, but the artificial fly affords decidedly the more sport, and is the more sportsmanlike. The tackle required is the same as for the small-mouth bass, only it should be somewhat stronger and heavier. A new style of angling for these fish is coming in vogue now—that is, casting the minnow or frog from the reel after the manner of the striped-bass fishermen; it is a very scientific and deadly way of fishing, and ranks next to fly-fishing.

## POLO IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

SCATTERED through the orange counties of southern California is a considerable number of Englishmen engaged in fruit culture and kindred industries. Everywhere, even in the little-frequented mountain valleys, the traveller happens upon the athletic tweed-clad figure and brier pipe that betoken Britannia's sons the world over, and where a dozen are living in the same locality a tennis-court or race-track is apt to be found serving as the assembly-ground for the colony. Tennis is widely played, and on occasions there are famous cricket matches; but chief in interest, both to the sportsman and general public, of the games brought from across the Atlantic is polo.

In southern California the game has been going since '87. At Santa Monica, a charming little town on the sea some sixteen miles from Los Angeles, the Englishmen have long been used to gather during the hot weather for a holiday after the orange harvest. It is a cosmopolitan sort of place. Wanderers from all parts of the world straggle in, domicile themselves for a time alongside the regular cottagers on the broad ground of race fraternity, and pass on. In the spring of 1887 an Australian named Edmonds turned up and began to discuss the feasibility of starting polo. The seed fell upon good ground. There was a young Englishman who had played the game in Iowa; there was another who, down in his luck, had started a riding academy in Los Angeles, and several others who were good horsemen that fell in with the idea heartily. They got a field, made some mallets, and with the ponies at hand started in. A couple more turned up later, and that summer polo went on more or less regularly under conditions which, though hardly favorable to scientific play, permitted good sport. At the end of the season Edmonds drifted away, but he left in Santa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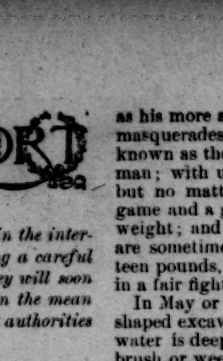

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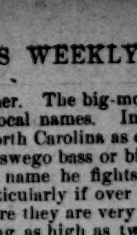

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Dr THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Monica, among other things, a well-established polo club, and as the founder of such, is still venerated.

The next summer the play was continued under more favorable conditions. The holes in the field were in a measure filled up; there were better ponies and some new players. The summer residents and property holders, recognizing the interest which the game aroused, became associate members of the club, and helped it with their purses and moral support.

The second season was finished up successfully with pony races and gymkana sports. Each succeeding summer, although in the spring the outlook for players has sometimes been ominous, the game has gone on with a constantly increasing standard of excellence. Good ponies have become the rule, and the beginners have grown seasoned and skilful.

If any of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should happen to find himself in Santa Monica some Saturday afternoon in July or August, he would be aware that something of unusual social interest was going to take place; white-frocked women and men in flannels drive out from the rose-trellised cottages that are snugly ensconced behind high cypress hedges and half lost in palms and semitropical gardens.

In California polo is played on dirt, for turf is the triumph of watchful gardening and a prodigal use of precious water. A line of pony-carts, buckboards, with perhaps a brake-and-four, is drawn upon the west boundary-line in the shade of the big eucalyptus-trees. The gentle trade-wind is blowing, and in the shade it is deliciously cool. Across the yellow plain, to the north and east, the foot-hills of the Sierras rise, and far beyond the barren peaks glisten and tremble in the scorching air of the inland. The sky, of course, is cloudless, for from April to November a shower is almost unknown. Under the spreading pepper-trees back of the spectators men in breeches are looking to saddle-girths and stirrup-leathers. Brown Mexican ragamuffins lead the spare mounts to and fro, for grooms are unknown in Santa Monica. One of the more prosperous members of the club, I believe, keeps a man, but livery and the word "groom" are out of place with the democracy of southern California. Shortly the sides, respectively in orange and black, ride out, and the game begins, and pretty sharply, too.

In the early summer of '92 there were only two or three men who lived up to a very definite idea of team-play, but as the season advanced the sides fell into a system of mutual support that was the more effective, perhaps, because it was undefined. Out there the game is played under the English rules, with the off-side principle and the privilege of hooking mallets. With fours sometimes a "flying man" is played, as in the English game, to watch the opposing back—a purposeless combination, of course, under our rules of always on-side. Generally, however, all but the backs play up. The hour is divided into fifteen-minute periods, with ten-minute intervals. Between the quarters the ladies serve tea, and the afternoon assumes a social character. The players, with their "greaser" esquires, rub down and blanket the hot ponies, and then gather round the shandygaff for their own refreshment.

When the day has been won and lost, the ponies put up, and the rider bathed and clad in fresh duck, the pipes are lit, the soda and decanters are brought forth, and in little groups on the rose-trellised verandas the afternoon is talked over. After dinner the little club is the gathering-place, and the talk goes on again till bedtime, the eternal topic, of course, being "pony," the diversity of types found in Santa Monica giving rise to endless discussion.

Under the American system of rating, the Los Angeles players, Captain Bolton, Messrs. Proctor, Waring, Woodhouse, and Young, would probably be handicapped from four to six goals. Mr. Woodhouse, who is an exceptionally clever hitter, would perhaps give seven. A team picked from these men and shaken together would make a good showing at Newport, but would hardly be in the same class with a team like the Independents.

While Santa Monica is the home of polo in California, many of those who play there in the summer have orange groves at or near Riverside, and a couple of years ago winter play was started with great success. The Americans have begun to take a hand, and the continuance of the experiment is wellnigh assured. On the whole the future of the game is very bright, for it is probable that in the near future polo clubs will be started at Pasadena and Santa Barbara. At San Francisco I believe some such move has already been made. When this becomes an accomplished fact the spirit of rivalry that will follow cannot fail greatly to raise the standard of play. With the advantage of winter practice, California should put a team in the field which would make a good match with the best fours of the East.

All this, however, is more or less speculative and irrelevant to the game as it actually is. Perhaps the greatest charm of polo on the Pacific coast is the keen sportsmanlike spirit which keeps it flourishing without the stimulus of rivalry. The game exists on its merits alone. Not even fashion can lend a helping hand, for the attractive smartness of correct riding toggery is impossible with the Western tailor, and imported things for many are out of the question. For the sport-loving loafer of moderate means Santa Monica is a paradise. There are desirable persons to loaf with. There are good tennis-courts. Horses and fodder are cheap, and the air is an inspiration to energetic idleness.

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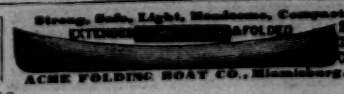


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